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GENERAL MACARTHUR—Fact and Legend

John McCarten

OUR GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR A DEFEATED JAPAN

Kingsbury Smith

THE SEABEES, OUR TOUGHEST OUTFIT

William Bradford Huie

IN FAIRNESS TO THE SMALL TAXPAYER —

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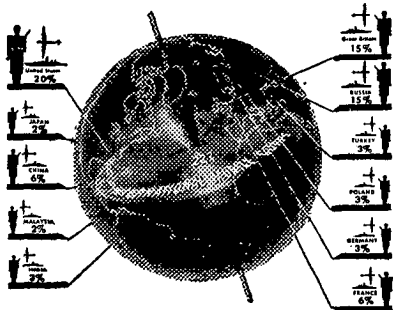
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WALT WHITMAN, by Henry Seidel Canby. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. Dr. Canby has unearthed no new information about Whitman, but he obviously has read nearly everything that has been written about the poet, and in this volume he does an excellent job of sifting the true and intelligent from the tremendous mass of Whitmania, a good deal of it false, stupid and malicious. Generally a sound literary critic, Dr. Canby seems to have great difficulty in coming to any definite critical conclusion about his subject. Nevertheless, all future Whitman scholars will find Dr. Canby's study of great value.

BRIDGE TO VICTORY, by Howard Handleman. \$2.00. *Random House*. A first-rate International News Service reporter here tells the first complete story of the American reconquest of the Aleutians. Mr. Handleman, thank God, makes no attempt to write lush prose or to concoct theories of world democracy; he relates simply and vividly the hard struggle our soldiers and sailors had in driving the Japs out of their only foothold on American soil.

BLITZKRIEG AND BLUFF, by Major Erwin Lessner. \$2.75. *Putnam*. A former German Army officer argues persuasively that the invincibility of German arms always was a myth, especially so under Hitler. The *Wehrmacht* of the Third Reich was wonderful against undefended countries like Poland and Holland, but against Russia, England and the United States it has displayed an almost incredible lack of generalship. The translation by A. B. Ashton is readable. The book needs an index badly.

BURNING AN EMPIRE, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. For five months each year since 1940 Mr. Holbrook has directed the anti-fire program of the Forestry
(Continued on page 120)

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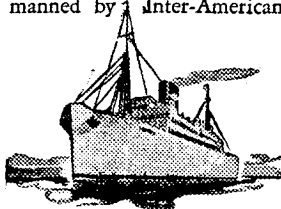


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GENERAL MacARTHUR: FACT AND LEGEND

By JOHN McCARTEN

NOT long ago General Douglas MacArthur announced that despite the efforts of what he called "amiable friends" to promote him as a candidate for the Presidency, he had no political aspirations. His "amiable friends" found his modesty refreshing, but went right on with their preparations to make him the rival of Franklin Roosevelt in 1944. Doubtful of Dewey, soured on Willkie, worried by Bricker's lack of political sex appeal, MacArthur's backers were firmly convinced that in wartime only a military figure could unseat the Man in the White House. Today, with national polls showing

MacArthur crowding Dewey and Willkie and a "MacArthur cult" flourishing — particularly in the McCormick Midwest — they are firmer than ever in that conviction.

As MacArthur's chances of getting the nomination grow, his record and personality are sure to be scrutinized with the kind of objective attention popular heroes are normally spared. His legend will be taken apart to separate fact from fancy. Even if MacArthur were the paragon he is claimed to be by his more passionate promoters, a military man without a trace of other experience seems scarcely an appropriate leader for civilian

JOHN McCARTEN *has been an associate editor of Fortune and Time and has examined such disparate characters as Frank Hague, Earl Browder and Adolf Berle in the New Yorker's Profile department. He has appeared previously in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.*

America in a decisive period of our history — a period when the very principle of democratic government is in jeopardy. But that doesn't concern his backers. Their enthusiasm for MacArthur has nothing to do with his capacity for leading the country during what will be momentous years. Their sole object is to take the reins of government out of Franklin Roosevelt's hands and thus to halt the trend toward what they call "internationalism."

The notion of reverting to ultra-nationalism in the midst of a war that has its roots in ultra-nationalism is a peculiar one, and the people who back MacArthur are a peculiar lot. They range all the way from tired conservatives like Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan to leaders of the totalitarian bloc like Gerald L. K. Smith and Father Coughlin, and take in publishers like McCormick and Hearst. The General's more respectable backers seem to be weaving a blanket large enough to cover all the dissident elements in the country, from Yorkville Bundists disguised as patriots to grass-root legislators catering to bucolic dreams of hermetic isolation. It may not be his fault but it surely is his misfortune that the worst elements on the political Right, including its

most blatant lunatic fringe, are whooping it up for MacArthur.

Since the General has never committed himself on any non-military subject more controversial than the weather, his supporters have not attempted to portray him as a statesman. They simply insist that he is the peerless warrior, which is, as they see it, reason enough for electing him President of the United States. So well has the legend of MacArthur been nurtured that it is now difficult to recall that in December 1941, Secretary of War Stimson found it necessary during a press conference to defend the General's conduct of the Philippines campaign with some warmth. Most of the air strength under MacArthur's command had been destroyed on the ground ten hours after news of the Pearl Harbor disaster had reached the Philippines and the General was under fire at home as well as abroad. It was not preposterous at that time to imagine him on the griddle alongside Admiral Kimmel and General Short.

But his share in the tragedy was soon forgotten. MacArthur provided his countrymen with a badly needed idol at a time when the military altar was almost bare of icons. Jolted savagely out of their complacency toward the war, dis-

tracted and humiliated by defeat after defeat in the Pacific, Americans clutched eagerly at the straw of hope offered by resistance on Bataan. The leader of the forces there, they solemnly assured each other, would somehow magically frustrate the designs of the Japanese.

There was much about MacArthur that lent itself readily to hero worship. Sartorially he was dashing, physically he was handsome, orally he was spectacular. For all his sixty-two years, he was straight as a ramrod, clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked and only partly bald. His features were even, his expression imperious, and the rake of his braid-encrusted hat added a touch of romance to his elegant façade. Destiny, he had proclaimed, had brought him to the Philippines, and as his bold, dramatic communiqués streamed out of headquarters on Corregidor, it appeared that he was right.

Little was known about the army he led, about the terrain he defended, about the equipment he had on hand. The public at large could hardly be expected to know that U. S. military observers had found MacArthur's program for building a citizens' army on the basis of five and a half months' training with brief annual refresher

courses, quite unrealistic. The Philippine Scouts of the U. S. Army, by contrast, were enlisted for six years, underwent the toughest kind of training and shaped up as an elite soldiery. Doubts of the MacArthur speed-up were justified during the retreat from Bataan, when his ill-trained men were mowed down by the Japanese though the Scouts were able to fight on.

MacArthur was likewise overconfident about the equipment he would need to defend the Philippines against invasion. Before the war he constantly advised reporters that by 1945, one year before the islands were to become independent, they would be well protected by a native army, including reserves of 400,000 men, some 250 planes and a fleet of torpedo boats with which to mine strategic straits. He was satisfied that Manila was invulnerable because of Corregidor — "the strongest single fortified point in the world," he called it — and that by 1945 it would take half a million men, ten billion dollars and three years to make a successful attack on the Philippines. When the Japanese struck, the General was far short of his goal in men and torpedo boats. But he did have the full quota of 250 planes as a first line of defense; and this element was knocked out with such

pulverizing alacrity that a good many of his theories about the defense of the Philippines were laid waste.

In the light of later events his military estimate of the Islands makes strange reading. In his "Report on National Defense in the Philippines," issued in 1936, he listed many factors which "minimize the possibility that an enemy would attempt to employ bombing attacks from airplanes based on expensive naval carriers as a principal method of compelling the Philippines to acknowledge defeat." Believing that incredibly large forces would be needed to take the Philippines, he concluded that "in all history there is no example of this kind of attack being attempted on a comparable scale."

The Japanese not only flew in the face of history as outlined by the General but knocked over another of his theories, enunciated in the fall of 1939, after England and Germany had already gone to war. He wrote at that time:

It has been assumed, in my opinion erroneously, that Japan covets these Islands. Just why has never been satisfactorily explained. Proponents of such a theory fail fully to credit the logic of the Japanese mind. Strategically, possession of these Islands would introduce an element of extraordinary weakness in the Japanese empire. It would split that empire mili-

tarily into two parts, separated by a broad stretch of ocean and in between it would lie its present military enemy, China. Every reason that is now advanced as to the indefensibility of the archipelago by the United States, because of its distance therefrom, would apply in principle to this defense by Japan.

In the first hysteria of war, it was perhaps inevitable that every move that MacArthur made in the Philippines should be represented as a stroke of pure military genius. Even the retreat to Bataan, where the Filipino rebel Aguinaldo had once held out for twenty-eight months against General Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas, was viewed as a peculiarly ingenious maneuver, although it was one that U. S. Army strategists had figured out decades before. The plain fact that the Philippines were lost once the tidal wave of attack had rolled over all their approaches was obscured by the gallantry of American and Filipino troops on Luzon. America needed a hero to take the edge off humiliation and MacArthur filled the bill with a margin to spare.

II

To most Americans the battle of Bataan was simply a heroic military action. To Joseph Medill Paterson, publisher of the New York

Daily News, it presented, in addition, a tremendous non-military possibility. On January 13, 1942, eighteen days after MacArthur had withdrawn to the peninsula, Patterson began to beat his drums for the General's "rescue." At first it seemed he was alarmed solely by fears that MacArthur's military talent might be lost to the United States. But in the middle of February, he added to a bill of particulars on the rescue proposal one extra little item. "The Republicans," he wrote, "are talking about running him for President some day."

In the time it took Patterson to move from military considerations to politics, many converts to the "Save MacArthur" campaign had been won. There was Wendell Willkie, who urged on Lincoln's Birthday that MacArthur be brought back to the United States and put in sole command of our military forces, and the late General Hugh S. Johnson who seconded the motion. And quickly warming to the idea were shifty spokesmen of domestic dissension like Father Coughlin, William Dudley Pelley and Gerald L. K. Smith.

Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* contented himself at the start of the salvage MacArthur drive with advocating that the General be given all aid. Not until

March did he fall in line with the Patterson campaign. Behind Brother Joe and Cousin Bertie came Cissie Patterson of the *Washington Times-Herald*, whose feelings about MacArthur ran so strong that she refused to remain at a dinner table in Manhattan with a journalist who remarked that in the Battle of Bataan the General had not quite proved that he was a strategist of Napoleonic caliber. Two other anti-administration publishers, Hearst and Frank Gannett, joined the clamor to have MacArthur transferred from the Philippines. The Hearst press came in late, making its first appeal for MacArthur's rescue on March 10, just about two weeks after the General had secretly left Corregidor.

Hero worship of MacArthur was deep and non-partisan; but the specialized noises, with political overtones, were from the outset peculiarly Old Guard Republican, "nationalist" in the latest and worst meaning of the word, and isolationist. It must be set down as a plain fact that the mounting political enthusiasm for the General has remained in that character. After MacArthur's arrival in Australia, his most vocal journalistic supporters decided immediately that he was being grossly neglected by the high command in Washing-

ton. They dubbed him flatly the greatest general in the world, and deplored the fact that he was being compelled to play second fiddle in the war to bungling amateurs like Roosevelt and Churchill.

Meanwhile his legend became the theme of hasty books by eager literary *entrepreneurs*. They covered the subject in assorted styles. In *Men on Bataan*, John Hersey, an editor of *Time*, fashioned a biography that reads like a scenario for a small-budget cinema melodrama. In *General Douglas MacArthur, Fighter for Freedom*, Francis Trevelyan Miller, former managing editor of *Success Magazine*, admitted that his hero's career could not be handled simply as history or biography. "It is," he said, "tense drama, with stark tragedy, romance, adventure and laughter in the midst of danger." He also threw in "treachery, conspiracy, intrigue, villainy" on the grounds that "behind every hero there must be conflict with elemental passions and inordinate ambitions." In *MacArthur the Magnificent*, Bob Considine, a sports writer for the New York *Mirror*, neatly packaged MacArthur's life and times in a short and snappy volume that may some day be found suitable for campaign distribution. Bobbing along in the spate of biographies were Mac

Arthur on War, a collection of the General's prose put together by Frank C. Waldrop of the Washington *Times-Herald*, and an account of the siege of Bataan by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo, personal aide to MacArthur, who enjoys the distinction of having been nearer to the General than any of his other hagiographers. Waldrop's MacArthur is a strategist comparable to Clausewitz; Romulo's is the grim leader of a forsaken cause — bearded, unkempt, unshorn — a portrait somewhat at variance with the spruce General others who were on Corregidor recall.

It is a strange and wonderful thing to watch a hero being created. A man who only yesterday was as fallible and sometimes as foolish as everybody else is suddenly luminous with virtue, prophetic in judgment, incredible in action, profound in thought. The hero-worshippers do an injustice to the object of their veneration, for few men are able to resist the temptation of trying to live up to the myths that are spun about them. To a man like General MacArthur, who has a very real consciousness of his own greatness, the temptation is doubly severe. He did not hesitate, back in 1940, to tell a reporter that should the islands be engaged in war, after they gained

independence in 1946, he would "volunteer — like Lafayette."

The General has always loved the spotlight, and has managed to bask in it during most of his life. He was the honor man of his class at West Point; he commanded a brigade of the celebrated Rainbow Division in the First World War and became its commander in November 1918; at thirty-nine he was the youngest superintendent ever appointed to the U. S. Military Academy, and at fifty he was the youngest chief of staff in U. S. Army history. He was the son of a well-known general and a proud and ambitious mother; he was a protégé of Newton D. Baker, Wilson's Secretary of War; he was married to Louise Cromwell-Brooks, stepdaughter of the late millionaire Republican Edward R. Stotesbury; and he was the resplendent and much newsreeled Field Marshal of the Filipino Army between 1936 and 1941.

It was while the General was Chief of Staff that he attracted more attention than at any other time during his career before December 1941. This attention was due largely to two elementary errors in judgment: (1) he led U. S. regulars against the Bonus Army in 1932, and (2) he sued the columnists Pearson and Allen for libel in

1934. His suit against the columnists was staggering. The General asked for \$1,750,000 on seven charges, varying from the assertion that he had "proposed to some of his Congressional friends a new law requiring 19-gun salutes for former Chiefs of Staff" (a \$250,000 item) to the charge that he "chafed because he wasn't being promoted fast enough." The War Department viewed with apprehension the prospect of cross-examination by defense lawyers once they had MacArthur on the witness stand. There was never any trial, and after the suit had been dropped Pearson and Allen wrote that "No money was paid by us to General MacArthur for costs or otherwise. No apologies or retractions were given or asked for."

III

When he left the Philippines for Australia — at a time he described characteristically as "the fall of the moon, during the ides of March" — MacArthur was a defeated general, preoccupied with the notion of returning to the Philippines at the head of a victorious army in order "to keep the soldier's faith." His determination to recapture the Philippines was laudable, but his public irritation

with the Allied High Command when it failed to agree promptly with his ideas played into the hands of certain home-front politicians. They have rejoiced at his impatience with any concepts of global warfare at variance with his own and have done nothing to dissuade him from playing a martyr's rôle.

To correspondents MacArthur has compared himself to Billy Mitchell, in whose court martial he participated in 1927. A highly sensitive man, who in 1934, when he was Chief of Staff, demanded an apology from a Congressional board that failed to show what he deemed proper respect for his person, he is grieved at what he considers cavalier treatment on the part of Washington of his advice on the war.

His understandable concentration on Pacific affairs has betrayed him into some ill-advised comments about other fronts. "How can you launch an offensive from a desert?" he remarked to a reporter in Australia after the North African landings. He has permitted public squabbling about planes and supplies for the area under his command, and allowed reports of exaggerated achievements to be sent from his Corregidor and Australia headquarters.

Such inflated reports, being somewhat at odds with the insistence that the Southwest Pacific front is operating on a shoestring, have served to make confusion worse confused. But they help to increase MacArthur's prestige. He has been singularly blunt in placing his views before the American public over the head of his commander-in-chief. Only recently, following the appointment of Lord Louis Mountbatten to handle the Southeastern Asiatic front, he complained, on the basis of "press reports," that his command was being reduced to a secondary theatre of war and indicated that his strategy of "massive strokes against the main strategic objectives" was being neglected for "island hopping." With a humility out of keeping with the rest of his statement, he added that "however subordinate may be my rôle, I hope to play it manfully." To friends he remarked, "I'm a soldier and will hold the horse if ordered."

His status as a national hero, of course, effectively precludes his doing any such thing. Many of the very officials who in the months after Pearl Harbor helped to build up the MacArthur legend now squirm in discomfort because a subordinate position in the general scheme of things for MacArthur

would be so far out of line with that legend. His privileged status, indeed, makes more difficult the achievement of the desperately needed united command in the South Pacific, since it limits the choice of a commander in that area to one man. In a predominantly aerial and naval theatre MacArthur as a ground general may not be the logical candidate to take over, although recently, in view of his experiences in the Philippines, he has shown an increasingly high regard for air power under the tutelage of the able Lieutenant General George C. Kenney, in charge of the air forces in that theatre of action.

MacArthur's arrival in Australia gave a mighty boost to the morale of that country, but since then he has cultivated an aloofness so impregnable that both American and Australian soldiers boast of having seen him, as though he were a phenomenon on par with Halley's Comet. His remoteness perhaps is responsible for the fact that he is widely known among the Australian troops as "Choco Doug," "Choco" being Australian for chocolate soldier. Even less kindly are the U. S. Marines, with whom MacArthur has found it difficult to work. They call him "Dugout Doug" because he ran the Philippine campaign from Corregidor in-

stead of Bataan. Even during his visits to places like Port Moresby some months ago, where he lived in the well-equipped Government House that some correspondents later reduced to a "hut," and at garrisons in Australia never looked upon as offering anything in the way of privacy, he has remained inaccessible.

It is difficult to understand MacArthur's motives in neglecting to mingle with his men. In the First World War, he made a point of remaining at advance posts whenever possible, and was even credited with capturing a German officer while strolling around the front armed only with a riding crop. Of course, his field of operations is immeasurably larger and more important today, and he is a good deal older. But for a man of MacArthur's physical courage and theatrical temperament to remain above the battle is a curious development. Another new phase of his character has been revealed by his censorship regulations. In the First World War, as press advisor to Newton D. Baker, he won the confidence of correspondents by his liberal interpretation of censorship regulations. Nowadays correspondents under his jurisdiction are prevented from sending stories that run counter to his

policies, and accredited journalists often have immense difficulty arranging audiences with him.

The public relations staff that MacArthur has assembled in Australia is formidable. It includes Leroy Lehrbas, former Associated Press man who used to cover MacArthur when he was Chief of Staff, and Philip LaFollette, who tried not so long ago to start a nationalist party in the United States, complete with oath and emblem. Recently the Chicago *Tribune* complained that letters to its editors from Lieutenant Colonel LaFollette were being edited by military censors, intent, the *Tribune* said, upon punishing him for "being an America Firster." One letter from LaFollette to McCormick indicates sufficiently that military service hasn't ended the Lieutenant Colonel's preoccupation with home-front politics. It said in part:

Wanted you to know how much we all appreciated the splendid editorial on General MacArthur and how much I wish I were there to give you a word of commendation for the fight you are putting up. You and I have disagreed on a good many things, but the way you have stood up, and taken it on the chin, and kept coming back to give 'em some more during the year is grand. Perhaps some day some of us over here can put our oar in back home and lend a helping hand.

As for LaFollette's associate, Lehr-

bas, his Australian duties do not prevent his visiting Washington and combining interviews with Senators like Vandenberg with military business.

IV

MacArthur's pressmen handle his public relations but they have little to do with his pronouncements which are so often couched in weird and gusty prose. The General has always fancied himself as a stylist. Since he settled in Australia he has sent messages to assorted outfits like the I. J. Fox Doughboy Committee, the Elks of Jersey City, the National Father's Day Committee of Alvin, Texas, the CIO and the AF of L, the Christ Episcopal Church of Little Rock, Arkansas, the University of Wisconsin, the Brooklyn Red Cross Blood Bank and the National Manufacturers Association.

To the Elks, who gave "Americanization Awards" to Frank Hague and A. Harry Moore, he expressed his "invincible faith in the triumph of American ideals." To the University of Wisconsin, which had awarded him an LL.D., he wrote: "You have for one thrilling moment transplanted me from the arbitrament of the destructive mechanics of force to the construc-

tive ennoblement of a seat of learning."

To the American Manufacturers Association, meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in Manhattan, he cabled: "From out of Bataan and Corregidor, from our soldiers and sailors in the combat zones, from our Australian and Dutch Allies, and from the souls of those who have already shown us how to die, anxious thoughts go to you who drive the wheels of war production." Probably his most typical passage was one he put together on the anniversary of the fall of Bataan. "Our flag lies crumpled," he said, "its proud pinions spat upon in the gutter; the wrecks of what were once men and women groan and sweat in prison toil; our faithful Filipino wards, 16,000,000 souls, gasp in slavery under a conquering soldiery devoid of those ideals of chivalry which have so dignified many armies."

It was through performances like these that MacArthur won from Ham Fish the enthusiastic comment, "There's very few, including the clergy, who can surpass him in the use of the English language." As a rock-ribbed isolationist, Fish is an ardent supporter of MacArthur for the presidency. "He wouldn't have to campaign at all," Fish has said. "All he'd have to say

is, 'I accept the nomination as commander-in-chief and president on a win-the-war platform.' " The MacArthur-for-president movement, however, does not consist solely of men like Fish. There are many astute politicians who see in MacArthur the one candidate to upset Roosevelt's fourth term applecart. Outstanding among them is Senator Vandenberg, whose desk in Washington these days is crowded with MacArthur biographies.

Despite the General's mild insistence that he has no interest in politics, Vandenberg is proceeding on the assumption that MacArthur will lead the Republicans in the 1944 campaign. He does not thump the tub as vigorously as some of MacArthur's other supporters since he does not wish to see the General boomed prematurely. But the Michigan isolationist can already hear Arkansas, the state in which MacArthur was born, yielding to Wisconsin, the state which claims him as a resident, to put the General's name before the convention.

To a disgruntled general, friends like Vandenberg are immensely helpful. They serve as home-front aides-de-camp, insuring that his every wish will have staunch support in high political quarters. But MacArthur's views on strategy are really of no great concern to his

backers. The mass meetings in Chicago or Detroit which shout for MacArthur are hardly qualified judges of global campaigns. The notion that MacArthur is so politically naïve that he is moving innocently as a child in the midst of his rather fantastic assortment of backers does the General a grave injustice. As Chief of Staff when the country was feverishly pacifist he was adept at maneuvering around Washington and lining up support for his pleas for larger military budgets. His influence when he was the nation's number one military man was usually greater by far than that of the Secretaries of War under whom he served.

To the super-nationalists the beauty of MacArthur as a political candidate lies in his completely military background, his rather flamboyant personality, and his gift for showmanship. His boldest statement on international affairs was his aforementioned assertion that the Japanese had no designs on the Philippines, and he has never made any commitments on national affairs. Those super-nationalists also have a sharp memory of MacArthur's march against the twenty thousand bedraggled Bonus veterans camping in shacks on the Anaconda Flats. In handling that

small emergency General Douglas MacArthur showed a large capacity for becoming extravagantly alarmed. "If President Hoover had not acted as he did," he said, "he would have been faced with a serious situation. Another week might have meant that the government was in peril."

If he could seriously regard that episode as a menace to the U. S. Government, there is ground for wondering how he would view the larger perils of our critical times. For a certain type of mind, unfortunately, it is tempting in the midst of vast uncertainty to turn to someone who might solve all problems authoritatively. Although no general has ever left the field to become a candidate for the Presidency — even the dashing General George McClelland had been retired before he ran against Lincoln — the number of those who are determined to take a chance with MacArthur seems to be growing.

If, in the interests of the war effort, he should want to call them off, MacArthur has a simple formula for rejecting office. It was once enunciated by General Sherman and it reads: "If nominated I will not accept and if elected I will not serve."

► *The road to Tokyo is
being constructed by*

THE SEABEES, OUR TOUGHEST OUTFIT

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

LAST spring when the time came for me to choose a spot in the service or be drafted, I sat down, highball in hand, and considered a problem common to many Americans. Where could I find a service job in which I could feel useful? I was hardly the answer to a recruiting officer's prayer. Age: thirty-two, and much too old for the glamorous tasks. Previous military experience: none. Mechanical skills: none. I had been a reporter and a general typewriter tinkler. A Public Relations Officer? I grimaced at the thought—I preferred bombs to boredom.

I had about decided to await the draft with its inevitable company clerkship when someone around the National Press Club mentioned the Seabees.

"Seabees?" I asked. "What are they?"

"Hell, man," came the irritated reply, "where have you been? The

Seabees are winning the war. They're the toughest outfit in the business. A Seabee makes a Marine look like Little Lord Fauntleroy!"

So I became a member of the United States Naval Construction Battalions. At Camp Peary, Virginia, I wheezed over obstacle courses while Marine instructors yelled for more speed. I learned to sever a Jap's head with one "natural" swing of a machete; to toss a grenade into a washpot at forty yards; to scramble down a landing net with full pack, hit the water, and make for the beach just like the Marines do it in the newsreels. I particularly liked our AA guns—the ducks-in-the-shooting-gallery influence, no doubt—so they made me a gunner's mate.

Now I am a veteran of some months with the First Seabee Brigade in the Aleutians, so I figure it is time to confirm a little modest scuttlebutt. It's true that we Sea-

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bees are winning the war. Although we are the newest, we are, indeed, the toughest outfit in the business. But if you are looking for glamor, all we can do is direct you to the quarters of the flying personnel. We know where those quarters are because we built them. They are over by the air strip — we built it, too, between dashes to our slit trenches and AA guns. We beat off the Japs, put out the fires, and finished the strip. But for ourselves, we are about as glamorous as a bunch of horned toads sitting on a mud-spattered rock. We've got no wings on our chests; only hair. Our uniform is sodden boots, a rain hat, and dungarees. When Japs annoy us, we kill them and go on with the major job of throwing in a dock, laying air strip or pushing through some other vital construction task.

Take an incident at Attu. Detachments from two battalions went into Massacre Bay with the Army. A gang of our fellows were emplacing a 40 mm. gun in a hillside when a Jap sniper began to annoy them. He had sneaked through the outposts the night before and was concealed in a cave 300 yards over beyond a swift stream. Jack Pearson, electrician's mate first class from Norwich, New York, the gun captain, was stringing the com-

munication line into the emplacement. He tossed down his pliers and unslung his rifle.

"Go ahead with the work, fellows," he said. "I'll knock that sonuvabitch's eyes out."

Pearson hit the deck and scooted down toward the stream, picking clumps of tundra for cover as he went. When he reached the stream, the chips were down. The Jap would fire the moment he leaped in to cross. Pearson cocked his piece and jumped into water up to his hips. The Jap popped his head over a ledge to fire, but he never squeezed his trigger. Pearson, firing as he hit the water, had caught him in the right temple. Pearson scrambled on up to the cave and pulled the Jap out by his collar, watching carefully for that cocked grenade which even dead Japs usually have in their blouses. Sure enough, the grenade rolled out, and Pearson kicked it into the creek before it could go off.

"Okay, fellows," he yelled. In another five minutes he was back at the emplacement, had slung his piece, picked up his pliers, and was stringing his wire.

The sniper killed by Pearson had papers showing he was trained in Tojo's best military school and had been a member of the last Olympic

team. Pearson got his training running high-tension wires for the power and light company back home; had had a total of four weeks' military instruction in the Seabees. Yet, in the clutch, the Jap military automaton was no match for Jack Pearson, American, thirty-eight, a volunteer who owns his own home in Norwich and who wants to finish his job and get back to his wife who is doing war work in the Norwich Knitting Mills.

Some of the finest anti-aircraft gunners in the world are in the Seabees. In service competitions at Dutch Harbor, Seabee gun crews, despite their brief training, took first place against veteran Army and Marine units. "We've got to be good," our gun captain explained when given the medal. "If we let these slant-eyes mess up one of our air strips, we Seabees are the ones who have to work all night in the rain to repair it."

II

The Seabee Battalions are spread all over the world. Wherever American ships are being unloaded; wherever an American coastal or island base is being operated; there you will find the Seabee, running his winch, his cat, or his pile-driver, and ready to drop his work and

pick up his gun at the first shriek of the siren. And wherever an American landing barge is approaching an enemy-held shore, there is a Seabee crouched beside a soldier or a Marine, ready to go over the side and start throwing down the air strip even while he is using his weapons to help beat back the enemy.

There are Seabees in North Ireland; on the Mediterranean islands; at a dozen spots in the West Indies and South America; but our primary bailiwick is the Pacific. The Jap is our chief enemy; the roads to Tokyo our chief concern.

We were at Guadalcanal, Munda, Attu, and Bougainville; we are ready for the next hop. In no sector, however, has Seabee achievement been as spectacular as along "the shortcut to Tokyo." Here, along one of the most ancient and difficult and desolate routes in the world, the Seabees and the Army Engineers are performing an American miracle; we are building what our service radio station calls "the Northern Highway to Victory."

To realize what has been done — and to understand the facts of our Pacific war — you must travel the 2000-mile arc from Seattle to Attu. It is a military highroad, and,

before you have traveled its length, you will conclude that all the roaring caterpillars, waddling carryalls, and pounding pile-drivers in the world must be concentrated along it. You will be impressed with the realization that this war is little more and nothing less than history's greatest construction job, for on this route alone are Grand Coulee Dam, the Panama Canal, and the pyramids all thrown together and multiplied by ten.

Your first stop after leaving Seattle will be Sitka, where Seabee stevedores swarm over your ship to unload mail and supplies. The war came near to Sitka two years ago and brought the new docks, warehouses and air strip; then the war moved on, leaving only maintenance crews, patrol pilots and sentinels.

Four hundred miles to the north, at Kodiak, you reach an island which eighteen months ago was an "advance base." Radio Tokyo announced its capture by Jap troops in November, 1942. But the Seabees converted it into a sea and air fortress; then the roadbuilders to Tokyo moved on. Now fresh eggs, beer, dinner jackets and two hundred women office workers have come to Kodiak, and the Seabees call it "the Country Club of the Pacific."

Four hundred miles west of Kodiak is Dutch Harbor, which only a year ago was our most advanced base. Jap bombers attacked it once but never returned. For "Dutch" soon bristled with guns; it got its air strip, its docks, its warehouses and its barracks, and the war rolled westward.

Three hundred miles west of Dutch is Adak. The roadbuilders reached Adak nine months ago to find a treeless, tundra-matted mountain top jutting up out of a thousand fathoms of icy water. Now Adak is a fortress, with its air strip, its docks, its warehouses, roads and barracks; and the Japs have chosen not to attack.

West — always the movement is westward — of Adak is Amchitka and a repetition of the story. And west of Amchitka is Attu, which we grabbed from the Japs seven months ago, and which already is a full-scale American base.

The Jap islands jutting out toward the Aleutians are the Kuriles, and already our big bombers have made the 700-mile hop from Attu to Paramushiro, the old Jap base in the Kuriles, just off the toe of Kamchatka Peninsula. With small loss, our planes have dumped their bombloads on Jap warehouses standing only 1200 miles from Tokyo.

Notice these giant steps: Seattle to Sitka to Kodiak to Dutch Harbor to Adak to Amchitka to Attu to Paramushiro. These are steps which the Japs planned to take in reverse. They had expected to be bombing Seattle by now from Alaskan bases; instead, we have grabbed the highway and are bombing Paramushiro from Attu. If we take Paramushiro we can unload fire and brimstone on Tokyo itself. It took us two years to build that road. The nearer we get to Tokyo, the tougher the going will be, and that spells time. You can travel the road now with the speed of a P-38; but the road had to be built at the speed of a Seabee on a caterpillar.

That victory is certain, no practical-minded Seabee doubts for a moment. We have seen what the Japs had at Attu and Kiska. Their stuff looked like the Civil War. We wouldn't let one of our pilots land a wheelbarrow on the strip the Japs had at Attu. They had been there a year, yet they still lived like rats. They had no roads and their machinery was Detroit, 1925. On the tenth day after we got there, we had movies in a pre-fabricated mess hall; our cats had ripped off six feet of tundra and opened up a road system; and For-tresses could land on our steel mats.

Tojo keeps threatening over his radio that he is sending 200,000 picked troops to retake Attu and kill us all; but we know he is talking through his toupee. P-38's can take off from a California factory one day and be in action over Attu the next. They can do that *now*, because of the road we've built.

III

The Seabees, as an organization, are a result of the military airplane. The bombing plane made them necessary. From our beginnings as a nation down to Pearl Harbor, our Navy had always built its installations with civilian workers. As odd as it seems on reflection, our Navy had never fought a war in which its bases were in any appreciable danger.

In the last frantic months before Pearl Harbor, the Navy still was trying to do its construction by civilian contract. There were civilian workers in North Ireland; in the West Indies; in South America; and in the islands of the Pacific. Difficulties arose with these civilian workers even before the attack. They were under no compulsion, and no superintendent could be certain of how many workers he would have on any given day.

Pearl Harbor made the civilian-

worker plan impossible. At one base in the West Indies there were five thousand men at work on Saturday, December 6. On Monday, December 8, less than half of them reported for work; the others were shoving off for home by every possible means. The bombing plane had made the construction job the focal point for combat.

December 1941 was a dark month for naval construction. While pleas were going out for civilian workers to sift the ashes of Pearl Harbor, Rear Admiral Ben Moreell, chief of the Bureau of Yards & Docks, was given an authorization for one regiment of 3300 Seabees. His officers of the Navy's Civil Engineer Corps began the recruiting campaign along the docks of naval operating bases. Carpenters, welders, riggers, boilermakers, machinists, cranemen and cat operators — men who could command a hundred dollars a week and more and live safely at home — were asked to jump into a uniform, grab a gun and a ship, and go off to hell and gone for service wages averaging about a hundred dollars a month.

It is to the eternal credit of American construction men that so many of them jumped and grabbed. The first ones were given no military training at all; there

wasn't time. The Japs were moving, and all we had in the Pacific was a prayer. One battalion was given a few Springfield rifles and some Marine Corps clothing, and told to go to a South Sea island and carve a base out of jungle.

Somehow that outfit got to their Island X; begged, borrowed, and stole equipment; bought an old caterpillar from a New Zealand rancher and fixed it so it would run; used native barges to unload their ship; posted guards in the best military manner; worked steadily around the clock; and in eighteen days after they arrived they had rolled an air strip out of volcanic lava from which fighter planes could operate.

A few of the early units were sent to National Youth Administration camps for two weeks' "advanced training." Some of them went to Great Lakes Naval Station for their outfits and medical shots. It was not until March 1942 when Camp Allen was opened near Norfolk that Seabee recruits had any central place to report. By then they were enjoying the luxury of four weeks' training, and the number authorized had skipped to 10,000; to 20,000; to 50,000.

Their efficiency was — well, it was American. When they didn't have equipment, they improvised

it. An outfit in the Samoan Islands had to work in twenty feet of water, but they had no diving suits. They took gas masks and inner tubes and rigged up contraptions with which they could work under water an hour at a time. All you could see at the spot was inner tubes floating on top of the water, yet the men were underneath, pouring concrete.

IV

The remarkable record achieved by these pioneer roadbuilders to Tokyo is attributed to: the fact that they were volunteers and had made a real sacrifice; the fact that they were the cream of our construction industry; and the fact that they were older men accustomed to loneliness and to making lives for themselves under uncomfortable conditions.

By November 1942 the Seabees were growing into a more formal military organization. They still insisted that C. B. stood for "confused bastards," meaning that they couldn't decide whether they were in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Marine Corps or the Waves.

They wore some of the apparel of all of them, and worked as readily with one group as with

another. But when Camp Peary, near Williamsburg, was opened, the organization began to acquire a little tone. The frenzied danger period was over. Seabees could be inducted and trained as methodically as men in any other branch of the service. They are given most of the combat training that Marines receive. The number authorized is now over 200,000 as compared with 300,000 for the Marine Corps. The new model Seabee is a trained fighting man as well as a skilled worker.

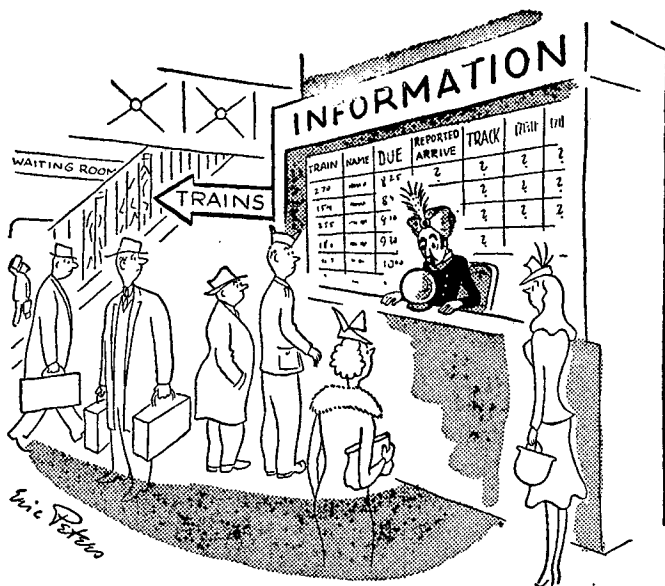
In his relations with men from the other branches on the fighting fronts, the Seabee is completely at ease up where the bombs are dropping, but he is a little clannish at the better organized bases. He feels closer to the men of the Army Engineers than he does to men of the regular Navy. In the Aleutian sector he dislikes Marines — calls them "gyrenes" — for the understandable reason that the Marines in the Aleutians are the Navy policemen. The Seabees are happiest and most efficient when they are off to themselves and commanded only by their own officers of the Civil Engineer Corps. The Seabee officers are construction men, too — most of them former construction foremen and executives. They know construction

men and they know how to deal with them.

Above all, the Seabee is noted, collectively and individually, for his independence and self-reliance. He is the "Can Do" boy of the service. He is the skilled American working man who knows he can look after No. 1. He has been trained in a competitive system

that he likes. Although he is most likely a volunteer, he really doesn't want to be a professional military man.

He is the happiest man in the service when he is at work; and the unhappiest when he is idle. His eternal comment on the war is: "Let's get on with the rat-killing and go home."



TWENTY YEARS

An Editorial

BY EUGENE LYONS

LAST month THE AMERICAN MERCURY rounded out twenty years of life and with this number it begins its third decade. The occasion calls for comment and even (at the risk of seeming solemn) rededication.

The editors are quite aware that many of their current readers look back upon "the old MERCURY" with a certain nostalgia; in fact, they share that feeling. The nostalgia, however, is less a commentary on changes in the magazine than changes in American life generally. It is really 1944 sighing for the good old days of 1924. It is a war-wracked America — still shaky from its terrible bout with Depression and a bit panicky over the looming postwar problems — looking back on a relatively care-free, prosperous, cock-eyed, jazz-age America that seems even more exciting through the haze of distance.

The "old" MERCURY was mischievous and unfilial but it was

none the less a child of its times. It baited the boobs and stuck pins into inflated egos. It crusaded lustily against crusaders and brought an almost religious enthusiasm to its war with the Bible Belt. All of which was great sport while it lasted.

By this time, however, such behavior seems curiously "dated." It no longer makes sense to pelt American smugness with verbal spitballs, for that smugness has gone with the same wind that swept up normalcy, prosperity and the gaudy antics of the twenties. But it should not be forgotten that THE MERCURY in those years also fought socially important battles for the American people—against prohibition, for freedom of the press, against bigotry, for the common decencies.

THE MERCURY of this day, like the America of this day, is more serious, more socially conscious. It is a lot more preoccupied with public affairs. The lunacies that stir it to action are the kind that inspire

blood purges and global wars, not those that inspire ridicule. THE MERCURY of this day is at once more tolerant — of the American masses and their essentially wholesome if naïve credo — and more intolerant of the self-elected elect, the guinea-pig social experimenters, the irresponsible élite. The old campaigning spirit is undimmed, but its mood is less playful. In short, the present MERCURY, too, is the child of its times.

But we believe that for all its changes THE AMERICAN MERCURY has remained constant on all basic matters. The emphasis of its interests has shifted but not, we trust, its detestation of falsehood and stuffed-shirt pretensions. From its inception the magazine had the courage of its convictions — and earnest convictions to match its high courage. It did not hesitate to step on tender toes. The toes selected for punishment are different today but not the willingness to attack where attack is needed. "To ascertain and tell the truth" was the large assignment its first editors, H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, set for the magazine and

that is still the task to which its present editors, in their fashion, are devoted.

Which sounds more self-righteous than we intended — truth, after all, is a highly subjective thing, and no doubt we have made our quota of mistakes and will continue to make them. But we shall, at least, persevere in defending what seems to us fundamental decency and in exposing charlatanism of any color and anti-democratic forces under any guise. We shall, at least, try to justify the adjective in the name of the magazine by putting our stress upon American ideas, American culture, American hopes and American interests, whether at home or abroad.

The magazine has in recent years widened its audience, if only because its appeal has been to a more heterogeneous body of readers. It enjoys a prestige, we hope, no smaller than in the past, and an influence that is in some respects deeper and more pervasive because it is less eclectic. These are values which we acknowledge as implying an obligation to our time, our readers and our own conscience.



► *Disarmed, abbreviated nation
will be taught to abhor war.*

OUR GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR A DEFEATED JAPAN

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

THE last thing the American Government's postwar planners want is for Japan to surrender, unconditionally or otherwise, in the near future. We don't want the Japanese to give up until they have been dealt the worst military licking ever suffered by a major power in history. We don't want them to surrender until Tokyo, Yokohama and the other big cities of Japan proper have been sufficiently punished by our aerial armadas to make every living Japanese man and woman realize what terror from the sky can mean. We don't want them hoisting a white flag and begging for mercy until we have sent their Imperial fleet to Davy Jones' locker and have wiped out their barbaric army on the field of battle.

This harsh attitude is not prompted simply by a desire for vengeance, justified as that might be by the

treachery of Pearl Harbor, the butchery of our wounded and the murder of our captured fighting men. It is motivated by the conviction that to secure lasting peace in the Pacific the realization that war does not pay must be indelibly impressed on the minds of the Japanese people. It will cost us more in casualties; it may make the war in the Far East last longer; but our postwar planners are convinced it will save the children of our fighting men of today from having to do the job all over again in another twenty years.

Japan has never been whipped before in a major war. In 1894 and 1895, Japan defeated the gigantic Manchu Empire of China. True, the Manchu court at that time was corrupt and unprepared, the Chinese Government supine and disunited. But that did not prevent the Japanese militarists from telling

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their people it was a great victory. In 1904-5, Japan attacked and defeated the Russian Empire of the Tsars. In the First World War, Japan picked the winning side.

This record of military invincibility has been used by the Japanese warlords to mesmerize their people into an almost divine reverence for their army and navy. It has had an important bearing on the Japanese concept of superiority over the rest of the world. Our postwar planners consider it absolutely essential to break the spell and loosen the traditional grip of the military caste upon the Japanese people. We don't want the Japanese warlords to escape with any sort of peace settlement that would enable them to carry on their militarism underground and eventually tell the people that they had never really been defeated.

One great danger foreseen by Joseph C. Grew, our former Ambassador to Japan, is that the Japanese will pull a "diplomatic jujitsu" on us when it finally dawns upon them that they are going to lose the war.

"The American people should be forewarned against the possibility of a jujitsu feint in the realm of diplomacy — namely a peace offensive," Grew said recently.

"The Japanese are capable of

preparing the ground for such an offensive with elaborate care," Grew added. "That is to say, the military leaders might begin by bringing forth from retirement some former statesman with a liberal label and placing him at the head of a puppet civilian cabinet. This step would be heralded as representing the overthrow of military dictatorship in favor of liberalism.

The scene would then be set for a peace move. There might be an announcement by the new premier intimating that Japan was ready to conclude a peace on a fair and just basis.

If the United Nations were willing to rise to the bait before awaiting at least the clearing of the Japanese armed forces from the territories they have seized, so much the better for Japan, but even if the United Nations should insist on such withdrawal as a prerequisite to a peace parley such a Japanese move would still seem to its authors worth while if it should have a chance of deceiving some of the peoples among the United Nations and rendering them lukewarm toward the further prosecution of the war.

Grew and the other American officials studying the postwar treatment of Japan believe the Japanese militarists think in terms of decades rather than of battles. If not wholly crushed and destroyed, they will go on plotting for the future —

though their plans may not be timed to materialize for five, ten or twenty years hence. It is for this reason that the American planners believe the Japanese military caste and its machine must not only be discredited in the eyes of the Japanese people, but rendered impotent to reproduce itself in the future.

By relentless prosecution of the war in the Pacific until Japan's military power has been completely destroyed, we also intend to show the Japanese people that justice can be terrible in its wrath. We want them to learn to dislike war as much as we do.

II

When we have driven the Japanese armies back out of the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, Malaya and China; when we have smashed them in their own home island; when we have sent the Japanese Navy to the bottom of the seas; and staged a victory parade through the streets of Tokyo, then we are going to impose on Japan a stern peace tempered only by justice.

The Japanese are going to lose their empire — all of it; they are going to be permanently disarmed; they will be compelled to help rebuild the devastated areas of China

and to make reparations in the form of goods and services to all the Pacific Allies; they will be subject to Allied surveillance for an indefinite period of time. But they will not be treated in the cruel, inhuman manner that they have treated the people of the territories conquered by their armies.

The great mass of the Japanese people, indeed, will fare better in defeat under the Allies than they have during the short-lived victories of their warlords. Life will be far less rigorous for Japanese toilers under the severity of our justice than under the rigid discipline imposed by their warlords. We are not going to exterminate the Japanese as a race, and we are not going to let the Chinese do so. We are determined to teach them an indelible lesson, and to make them pay in full measure for the savagery of their fighting methods and the wantonness of their aggression. But at the same time, we shall hold out to them the promise of the brightest future they have ever known once they have made amends for misdeeds.

When they have given convincing proof of their willingness and ability to live at peace with the rest of the world, and have repudiated and abandoned what Secretary of State Cordell Hull de-

scribes as the "monstrous philosophy of superior race and conquest by force," the opportunity will be offered to the Japanese to join on a probationary basis with the family of United Nations in making this a better world in which to live. They will be watched closely during this probationary period, and the slightest sign of awakening militarism will bring swift and ruthless punishment.

The American planners envisage creation of an Allied Pacific Control Council to govern Japan for an indefinite period of time after the war. The chief members of this Council would be the United States, Great Britain, China and Russia, if the Soviets should finally enter the Pacific conflict. Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the Netherlands might also be represented. This Council would start functioning soon after the Allied armies land in Japan proper. In the early stages, it would act in an advisory capacity to the Allied military commanders. When military operations in Japan end, the Council would take over direct control. Pending the disarmament of Japan, it would be supported by a powerful Allied army of occupation. When it was finally considered safe to withdraw the main occupation forces, the Council's authority

would be backed up by a strong Allied police force stationed at a few strategic points in the Japanese homeland. When this force eventually was withdrawn, a watchful eye would be kept on Japan from Allied air and naval bases maintained within easy reach of the Nippon island.

The Council would supervise the disarmament of Japan, including the dismantling of its war factories. It would direct and control its economic and administrative life. It would continue the rounding up and punishment of all war criminals, including the Generals, Admirals and statesmen who escaped retribution on the battlefield. It would enforce the suppression of all secret societies — the breeding ground for Japanese militarism. It would decide the extent and nature of the reparations to be made by Japan, and the length of time of the various stages of Allied surveillance over the Japanese nation.

If America's planners have their way, Japan will be completely disarmed after this war. A half-savage urchin in the family of nations, Japan is considered too immature in the ways of civilization to be trusted with the dangerous weapons of modern warfare for many years to come. The Tokyo Navy warlords were not satisfied with the

old 5-5-3 naval ratio. Now their ratio is going to be zero. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox already has promised that the American Navy will "utterly destroy" the Japanese fleet. His view is shared by those who are working on the American plan for a defeated Japan. The most the American planners are prepared to allow the Japanese in the way of a Navy are a strictly limited number of small gunboats for police and customs services. She will be forbidden to build warships or any parts thereof.

In addition to the disbandment of all Japanese military and naval aviation forces, it is intended to restrict Japan's civil aviation. The Japanese will be allowed to train only a small number of civilian pilots, and the Nippon airfields, private or otherwise, will be limited and placed under strict Allied supervision.

There also is a strong sentiment among the Washington planners to deny Japan the right to keep any part of its regular army after the war, replacing it with a police force to maintain internal order. Members of this police force would not be permitted to have military training of any sort, and their weapons would be limited to small arms. We don't want to perpetuate any "token army" in Japan which can

be used by the warlords as the nucleus for training an officer class.

The American planners further consider it will be necessary to maintain indefinite control over the sale to Japan of strategic minerals, metals and other raw materials that might be used to build up war industries. To prevent Japan from secretly re-arming, permanent Allied agencies would be set up to inspect Japanese armaments and factories on the spot. Strict observance of the disarmament clauses of the peace treaty imposed on Japan would be a basic condition for that nation's eventual admission into the association of United Nations.

III

It is in the territorial sphere that Japan will pay one of the heaviest penalties for embarking on the Axis movement of world conquest. Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek already have served joint notice that Japan will be required to give up all the territory which she has seized since the outbreak of the present war — parts of the mainland of China, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Hainan, the Dutch East Indies, Indo-China, Malaya, Burma and the other areas. But that is only the beginning of the

end of Japan's stolen Empire. The United States, Britain and China further intend that she shall give up control over all of North China, including Manchuria; that she shall withdraw from Korea and the island of Formosa.

The loss of this war, of course, also will cost Japan control of the mandated islands in the Pacific — islands which she acquired from Germany as part of the spoils of World War I, and from which the Japanese are believed to have launched the attack on Pearl Harbor. The American Navy intends to take over these islands. Whether or not they eventually are placed under a United Nations trusteeship, Uncle Sam's fleet will retain bases in them to safeguard the future security of the Pacific. Other islands which Japan is going to lose in this war are the Bonin, Volcano and Marcus groups — Bonin is located 660 miles southwest of Tokyo on the flying route to Guam. Those islands are going to become Eagles' Nests from which the American air force can keep a vigilant eye on the Japanese mainland.

Formosa, a former rich Chinese province which Japan extorted from China as a condition of peace in 1895, will be restored to the Chinese. The American Government also favors restoring political

freedom to Korea, which before Japan annexed it in 1910, was an independent kingdom with an ancient history extending back to the twelfth century B.C.

The Japanese mainland itself will be left intact. We do not favor the suggestion in some Chinese quarters that China should be permitted to absorb Japan. We recognize that Japan is an ethnographic entity and has a right to be a separate state. As Churchill put it during his last visit to Washington, we are for "Japan for the Japanese."

As for the future of the Son of Heaven Dynasty, we are prepared to leave that up to the Japanese people. We intend that Emperor Hirohito shall be held to account for his share in the responsibility for Japan's attack on this country. However, our official planners do not regard him in the same class of guilt as the Japanese warlords, or Hitler and Mussolini. The present Emperor is such a puppet in Japanese political life that we think he has little actual responsibility for what happens. On the other hand, we recognize the tremendous spiritual hold which the Nippon dynasty has on the Japanese people. Some of our officials believe that to deprive the Japanese people by force of that traditional part of

their life would be similar to taking away religion suddenly from a faithful Christian. If the Japanese people want to retain the monarchy, their right to do so is set forth in the Atlantic Charter. But after this war, the modern Mikado of Japan is going to be an Emperor without any Imperial Army, Navy or Royal Horse Guards.

In the political sphere, we are prepared within a reasonable period of time to permit the Japanese people to choose their own form of government, providing it is non-militaristic and non-Fascist in character. Some of our officials, however, cannot help but doubt whether the Japanese people have shown themselves sufficiently advanced in the ways of civilization to carry out the responsibilities of true democracy. A good deal of educational tutelage by the more advanced liberal element is considered necessary before Japan will be able to practice democracy successfully.

In the economic field, it is felt that it will be necessary to reduce drastically those industries which have been heavily over-developed to meet war requirements. The industries left intact will be placed under strict Allied control. They will be put to work to meet Japan's

self-subsistence needs and to produce, as part of the reparations arrangement, materials for rehabilitation of the devastated areas of China.

If Japan goes in for specialized manufacturing, fisheries and the development of her mercantile marine, and relies on China for her rice needs, the American planners believe she will be much less troubled after the war with the problem of finding new land to meet population requirements. The Japanese make good seamen and good industrial workers. The possibility of a prosperous future for them in these fields of endeavor is foreseen, providing Japan accepts a suitable rôle in the framework of a sound international economic system. If the Japanese repent and behave, the American Government is prepared eventually to aid them in securing fair access to the raw materials needed for the functioning of their peaceful economy.

Thus, the Japanese will be given an opportunity to redeem themselves in the eyes of the world, but only after the fiery sword of an avenging justice has purged their souls of warlike impulses and they have atoned for the barbarism of their actions in this war.



COUNSEL

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Now, in the fist of agony too big
To break from, now while sick eyes
Blur, only not to see the scattered, torn
Members, not to watch the hands that dig
A common grave, now when the skies
Sow death more richly than the plains grow corn,
Remember joy.

It is a random thing,
Airier than a humming-bird, as quick
Away as light. And it may not return.
It is no sun, no planet whose wide wing
Sheds brightness still, however throng and thick
The dark. Its shape is strange to learn.
It is more secret than deep springs, but found,
Sweeter than water to a dusty throat.
Yet it is nothing gentle: it can pierce
Like a hawk's beak, like a knife's edge new-ground.
The thumbs of grief are not more strict and fierce.
But even now, now when the wounds of war
Cry with a million mouths, now when the ache
Of exile tugs the world's heart, when the good
Past is quite warped, the future a vast scar,
Look hard at joy, wherever glimpsed. Oh, take
Her image home to the mind's solitude,
There wholly to be loved, if but half understood.

WHY I HATE DOGS

By G. L. WYNDHAM

A WEEK or two ago I returned from a trip to New York City. It is a time, I am told, of serious food shortage. But I do not suppose that the average of nineteen visible dogs per block which I counted on a Sunday morning in the mid-town area of my hotel — dogs being walked by doormen, dogs being walked by silver-foxed dowagers and wedgied misses, dogs just wandering loose while policemen clucked and beamed at them, dogs of every nature and description — I do not suppose, I say, that all these tons of dogs were subsisting on air. Indeed, I can be quite sure of it. The copious and steaming evidences of hearty feeding and of subsequent metabolism were everywhere in evidence.

There is said to be a last straw. It is a true saying. I have experienced that straw. The details do not matter; enough that they impel me finally to put on paper

sentiments that I have long suppressed. Briefly, they come to this: that the dog is man's worst friend. Indeed, the dog is not a friend at all. It is a debased and degraded animal, of a craven, crawling and lickspittish spirit, scarcely any brains whatever, and a general oafishness and offensiveness which make its presence in civilized society an intolerable atrocity.

There can be no doubt that many fellow citizens will disagree with me upon this thesis. But I cannot believe that even in a world as dog-infatuated as this one, there will not be some readers who have long entertained in their secret souls just such sentiments as my own, and have feared to speak lest they incur the abuse of those legions of collie-worshippers, terrier-cultists and wolfhound-fetishists who, as the late G. K. Chesterton has well said, are committed to the indecent belief that the

G. L. WYNDHAM in this article speaks for a tiny minority only. His views on "man's best friend" are unlikely to make friends and influence dog-lovers. But ordinary democracy demands that on a subject so close to the popular heart the tiniest minority be heard. Reader comment is invited.

name Dog should be spelled backwards. To my silent fellow sufferers, salute! I wish we might form a society.

It was Darwin, if I am not mistaken, who once said of the sheep, that "by long association with mankind it has lost all its natural intelligence." Similar sentiments clearly must be held with regard to the dog. The witless toady which, in various sizes and shapes, now infests and fouls our streets, is doubtless a far cry from its ancestor which once roamed in the wilderness.

Historically, the picture is clear. Primitive man originally tamed a wild animal — probably a wolf — with the thought that he might train it to hunt for him. In this rôle, the creature was a success, being used much as the cheetah is used in India today. However, man soon discovered that this animal's spirit could be "broken" to a unique degree. The beast not merely could be trained: it could be cowed, awed, and threatened into a condition of abject and whimpering submission. It could be made to fawn and grovel. If a man beat it, the beast, instead of flying at his throat, would slink on its belly for a while and then come creeping with wagging tail to The Master's feet. If a hand were then casually extended to it, it would go

mad with an ecstasy of gratefulness and adoration. Here was indeed a wonderful discovery: an animal that could make its master perpetually feel like God. So man took a pair of dogs into his house (or hut or cave, as it doubtless was at that time); and there was started the endless line of animals which primitive man's successors have bred into a variety of shapes and sizes, and which continue today to be a subject of slobbering sentimentality for the simple reason, as aforesaid, that they minister uniquely to the vanity of human incompetents who have no valid reason for self-esteem.

II

People love dogs for one reason: because their dogs make them feel important. But, as in all cases of deceptional sentimentality, this real reason is masked behind numerous ostensible reasons which are untrue. It is said that the dog is intelligent. It is said that the dog is loyal. It is said that the dog is a cleanly and wholesome household companion. Allegement is made that the dog is a hero. (Accounts of dogs waking their owners, to save them from midnight fires, are apparently obligatory at three-month intervals throughout the

press.) There is presented, as an Ideal Picture, a man who sits before a fireplace, nursing his pipe and musing, while his faithful Rover or Spot lies dozing away the hours beside his chair.

The evident falsity of all this should be apparent instantly to any mind that has not been turned to a mush of dog-worship. Consider the matter coolly.

The dog is not intelligent. It can be taught a few simple tricks and associational responses — (so can fish) — but beyond this it shows very little gleam of wit and plenty of evidence of nincompoopery. It readily gets lost; it starts into a frenzy of surprise, terror or bewilderment over sights or sounds that it has seen and heard every day for years; it frequently bites people without reason; it will gnaw unrestrainedly on a simple insect-bite on its skin until it turns it into an open ulcer; it has substantially no discrimination at all in the matter of what it ought or ought not to eat, or where or when; and so on and so on, indefinitely. The eminent experimental psychologist, W. F. Hamilton, in a simple test involving ability to learn the door-layout of a room, found that the stupidest monkey was better at it than the smartest dog. Drs. Maier and Schneirla, in their classic handbook

on animal psychology, use a phrase which describes the intelligence of the dog with scientific precision. The words are “rudimentary and unstable.”

The “loyalty” of the dog? It is true that a dog, though habitually kicked or otherwise mistreated, will remain slavishly faithful to the abuser. It is true that dogs sometimes pine over a master’s death (whether the master had been a good or bad one) until they die. But this is not loyalty, in any allowable sense of that word. It is insanity. It is but a further evidence that the domestic dog’s devotion to The Master is a pathological and unhealthy thing, as wide of naturalness as The Master’s devotion to the dog.

It is palpably untrue that the dog is a healthy and wholesome household companion. Most dogs have something the matter with them. This is not surprising, considering how they have been overfed, over-pampered, over-fussed-over, for many generations. But, surprising or not, it is in any case a fact. The average dog’s breath has a feter as of a sewer. Since dogs ages ago gave up paying more than the most cursory attention to their toilet, their coats customarily harbor a variety of parasitic species which, though possibly of interest

to an entomologist, are unwelcome lodgers in a civilized home. I pass over very lightly the chronically runny eyes of many dog-breeds. I mention only *passim* the dog's proclivity for rolling in manure, rotted fish, or any other kind of offal. I pass as quickly as possible the subject of the internal worms from which few dogs are ever more than briefly free. I have no comment except to say that the canine pre-occupation with anal itch seems to me a less than delightful parlor performance.

III

As to the dog heroes, that rouse The Master when fire comes in the night. A parrot will do as much. A dog, smelling smoke, will make a rumpus. Is there a sign of genius in it?

I have often meditated upon that Ideal Picture, so loved by calendar artists and so generally accepted as epitome of the wholesome and restful: the man fondling his pipe in happy reverie, the cheery hearth, the peaceful dog. The dog in the Ideal Picture, of course, is simply a fake. A dog does not lie tranquil, contributing to the comfortable dozing of an evening. Every ten minutes or so, the creature wants to go out. Or to be let

in again. Or it wants a drink of water. Or it hears the telephone ring, and bursts into deafening barks. Or it hears the doorbell and unlooses a whole inclusive pandemonium. Or perhaps, if no events occur to attract its attention, it just sits up and begins vigorously thump-thumping in an effort to allay its parasite-bites, or it contorts itself into a rough circle and investigates with intimate snuffings and lickings the fascination of its genitalia. After this last performance, of course, a dog customarily springs to its feet and desires to lick the faces of all the company. This smeary attack is known among dog-cultists as a "kiss." It is considered an honor.

Dog-worshippers, I make no doubt, will be indignant at what has been written in this article. Because of the morbid master-slave relationship (though it is more than that), which exists between a dog-adorer and a dog, the former resents any attack upon the latter as an attack upon his own personality. This is understandable; for in a subtle way it is quite true. It is for this same reason that an otherwise civilized person, who would not bring into one's home a Mongolian Idiot child or an aged and ulcerous uncle, will forcefully thrust his dog upon one, and will

indeed insist upon an acknowledgment that Towser or Pipsy — however scrofulous or wormy the beast may be — is a booful, booful animal, no nuisance at all, and “doesn’t smell the least *bit* doggy, does he?” It would, of course, be intolerable to admit that the canine whose slavish devotion props one’s ego was but a bundle of servility, smell and stupidity.

The late Albert Payson Terhune made a fortune by glorification of the dog. I daresay that the piece

of lush rhetoric called, I believe, “Tribute to a Dog,” by a Senator-somebody, has been reprinted at least as often as The Lord’s Prayer. It is to be feared that the present article will be less widely esteemed. But it is possible, so large is this country, that these words may reach a few citizens of congenial opinion: a few who may agree with me that man’s hysterical devotion to the dog is as grotesque a perversion as, for example, the devotion in India to sacred cattle.



WIND IN THE TREES

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

WIND in the trees denies their will
 And bends them toward some little hill
 Mindless of how they stretch and labor
 To make the sky their nearest neighbor.
 And through the boughs his words are dinned:
 Trees were once seeds but wind is wind
 And ever was and so will be
 Blowing unchanged when earth’s last tree
 Goes down to earth with one last roar
 And one last silence, nothing more —
 And, holding power of start and end,
 May break the things that do not bend . . .

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Geology

OIL FROM ROCKS

By JAMES AND ALICE WILSON

NOR since the days of early Cripple Creek and Leadville has there been as much excitement in the Colorado Rockies as there is today. A new strike has been made that postpones indefinitely the dread day of "no more gasoline" of which the public has been hearing. Since large-scale gasoline production from this new source cannot be realized overnight, we shall have to continue strict rationing at least until the war is won, but we need no longer face the prospect of gas famine within a few years *after* the war.

At the normal rate of consumption, our known reserves of liquid petroleum are good for only about fourteen years. Because we cannot drain it out of the ground that fast, actual consumption of this oil will be spread out over thirty years or

so — and spread out thin. The rate of discovery of new reserves has declined from 2392 million barrels in 1936 to 507 million barrels in 1942, and we are now using up liquid petroleum almost five times as fast as we are discovering it. Thus the end seems in sight for oil from wells.

However, Colorado contains the richest deposits of oil shale in the world. Up toward the tops of the hills, plateaus and mesas of the Grand Valley region of Colorado — Moffat, Rio Blanco, Garfield and Mesa counties — are shale beds ranging from a few inches to 500 feet thick, which contain the equivalent of enough recoverable oil to supply all this country's needs for thirty-five to forty years. Deposits in Utah, Wyoming, California, Montana, Kentucky, Illinois and other states are believed sufficient to swell our known reserves of oil

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shale to the equivalent of 100 billion barrels of crude oil. With what liquid petroleum we have left, that's enough to last this country about 110 years at the normal rate of consumption.

The Colorado strike is not exactly "new." Almost sixty years ago, a rancher in Rio Blanco county built a fireplace out of hard, gray rock, and the fireplace burned up! The discovery excited no one, even when the rock was found to be a potential source of oil, because obviously "shale oil could never compete in price with oil from wells." A momentary flurry of oil shale excitement during the 'twenties, when for a time it appeared that our liquid petroleum reserves might give out within six or eight years, died out with the discovery of huge new oil fields in Texas and California. Even then it was thought that shale oil would be at least three times as expensive as oil from wells.

But since then we have learned differently. Testifying before a Congressional committee last summer, James O. Ball, professor of petroleum engineering at the Colorado School of Mines and leading American authority on oil shale, stated: "Recent research indicates that within a very short time we can be producing gasoline from

shale in commercial quantities to sell at approximately the same price as gasoline from liquid petroleum." Trade journals currently quote gasoline at five and a half to seven and a half cents a gallon at the refinery. Most authorities believe it will cost from twelve to twenty cents a gallon to produce gasoline from coal!

The testimony of Professor Ball and other experts did much to assure passage of the O'Mahoney bill in the Senate, authorizing an appropriation of thirty million dollars to build three pilot plants for the experimental production in commercial quantities of oil from shale and oil from coal. The shale plant will probably be located in western Colorado, where several small plants of laboratory size have been in operation off and on for a number of years.

If this bill becomes law, we shall soon be treated to the amazing spectacle of gasoline from mines, *of oil being produced from rocks which do not contain any oil.*

"Oil shale," says the *Oil & Gas Journal*, "is fossilized swamp muck containing elements of both vegetable and animal origin called 'kero-gen,' which, when subjected to intense heat, decompose to form an oil much like petroleum." It does not contain a drop of oil as

such. Closely related to both coal and petroleum, it differs from coal chiefly in having a much higher ash content. Exceptionally rich varieties are known as "cannel coal" and "torbanite." An oil shale deposit is an oil *pool* left unfinished by nature. More heat would have converted it into liquid oil.

World reserves of oil shale, although much smaller than those of coal, are several times as large as the world's original petroleum reserves. Besides the American and European deposits, there are enormous unexploited beds in Australia, South America, South Africa and many other parts of the world.

Retorting and refining processes were developed in Europe as early as 1838. Scotland, Estonia, Germany and several other European countries have been producing oil from shale commercially for many years. However, processes much better than those of Europe have already been worked out in laboratory form by American researchers.

High prices for petroleum products in Europe enable a Swedish plant to process shale with a kerosene content of only 4 per cent. The western Colorado shales run from 7 to 22 per cent kerosene — the equivalent of sixteen to sixty gallons of recoverable oil per ton. Under present retorting methods,

the rate of recovery is about 95 per cent.

In processing, oil shale is mined like any rock, and delivered crushed into a retort. Heating the crushed shale to about 1000° F. for a comparatively short time drives out the kerosene in the form of a vapor. At present, the vapor is first condensed and the resulting oil is then refined into various products in substantially the same way as petroleum.

Sweden is said to have developed a new process whereby the vapor is expelled directly from the shale beds themselves, by heating the deposits electrically. This eliminates quarrying. American technologists believe processing costs can be still further reduced by refining the vapor itself, without condensing.

II

"Oil shale research," says Professor Ball, "is now in the same stage as petroleum technology was twenty years ago. Improvements and methods still to be discovered will greatly cut down the present cost of processing shale. But even with present methods applied to large-scale production, we believe we can process shale to compete with crude petroleum at around \$1.50 a barrel." The current price of crude petro-

leum averages about \$1.20, and the industry is agitating for a thirty-five-cent raise.

Present refining methods of shale oil give about 60 per cent gasoline and 40 per cent other fuel oils. Much of the fuel oil can be converted into gasoline by a process known as "cracking," if desired. The by-products, most of which are of an entirely different order from those of petroleum, include ammonium sulphate fertilizers, creosols, phenols and refractory brick. Little work has been done as yet toward the development of these by-products.

While the most important shale product is gasoline, most lubricants and waxes, so far as we know, can be produced much more cheaply from petroleum than from shale. At present we are heading straight for a permanent shortage of low-cost lubricants and waxes by "cracking," or converting into gasoline, most of the heavy petroleum residuum from which these products can be made, to eke out the inadequate amounts of gasoline that can be obtained by simple distillation. Why squander our limited reserves of low-cost lubricants and waxes to produce the one substance which can be most economically produced from shale: *gasoline*? It is thus highly important

that we do not wait for the complete exhaustion of our petroleum reserves before developing our oil shale resources.

Transportation of shale products should not be a serious problem. There is already a pipeline from the oil fields of western Wyoming to the East. A 300-mile spur will connect it with the Colorado shale beds.

All this means more than that the day of "no more gas" has been shoved at least eighty years farther ahead into the future. From the standpoint of military strategy and national security, it also means that instead of becoming, within thirty years or less, dependent for fuel and lubricating oils on those nations which may, or may not, be willing to export petroleum to us at that time, we can look forward to more than a century of complete self-sufficiency.

It is to be confidently expected that long before that time we shall have learned how to produce gasoline from coal, or from some renewable resource, at a price we can afford to pay. But there is no need to worry about that now. The important immediate job is to get shale oil into large-scale commercial production before our rate of petroleum production has become utterly inadequate for even the most urgent uses.

History

ENDURING ERRORS

By L. LAMPREY

WHEN it is recalled that less than a century ago the "night air" was considered deadly to consumptives, that doctors forbade giving a fever patient cold water in 1861-1865, and that many years later eating the skin of a tomato was said to be fatal, it is not at all surprising that some items of quack history analogous to these beliefs have been credited as authentic fact, generation after generation.

The New England witch-burning myth, for instance, is probably older than this Republic. Every sound school history and reference book on American history gives the straight facts, yet presumably intelligent Americans will tell you that "the New England colonists used to burn poor old women as witches."

Less than twenty years ago the New England Council sent out a syndicated story that went all over the country, containing the statement that in Salem "you may

see Gallows Hill where the witches were burned." A Savannah, Georgia, paper, when challenged, said that a full account of witch-burning in New England "would be found in Spofford's Cabinet Encyclopedia." Not only is there no such statement in the encyclopedia, but Mr. Spofford himself, at the time Librarian of Congress, when asked if anyone was ever burned at the stake for witchcraft in the New England colonies, smiled in a patient, tired way and said that it was a very widespread misapprehension, but that nobody ever was.

The Salem panic of 1692-3, instead of being a popular outbreak of superstition and cruelty as generally supposed, occurred in an interval when the colony had lost its charter and Increase Mather and others were in England trying to get a new one. The court which tried the accused was a Crown court, over which the people of Salem Farms had no control whatever.

Stoughton, the chief justice, was an Englishman, a hold-over

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from the reign of James II, who was certainly no Puritan. Finally, when Rebecca Nourse was accused, her neighbors determined to make a protest, and seventy-two men and women of the little hamlet, at the risk of their own necks, signed a petition against the methods of the Court. At least four of the twenty who were executed in Salem had protested by word of mouth and been promptly "cried out upon" as in league with Satan. Another petition, signed by over fifty people, came from the still smaller town of Andover.

One point which is usually ignored is that witchcraft was a capital crime in England till 1739, and the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony bound the colonists not to contravene any law of England. If Boston had received and encouraged all come-outers in that century who were outlawed in England, that charter could have been taken away at almost any time. When literally thousands were burned, hanged, drowned and tortured in Great Britain and on the Continent in that period — the last witch-burning was in Switzerland in 1784 — it was natural for immigrants in a succeeding century, hearing vaguely of the Salem tragedy and sporadic executions elsewhere, to suppose the

same conditions existed here. Nowhere in all the grisly four centuries of witch-baiting in Europe is there a case of the plain people, in the face of all authority of Church and State, making any such protest as came from the Salem and Andover colonists.

II

The English law also held in Massachusetts Bay against Quakers and Baptists, but it could not be so easily enforced in outlying colonies like Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, to which these settlers could emigrate. Of the first four towns in New Hampshire, Portsmouth was Episcopalian, Hampton, Baptist, Exeter, Separatist and Dover, "Orthodox" or Puritan, about a third of its people being at one time Quakers. In Virginia, Quakers were sold into slavery; in New York at one time it was death for a priest to be found in the province; in South Carolina under the Established Church rule, Huguenots were denied civil rights; but you never hear anything about all that. It makes a great difference whether a piece of fabricated history can be made politically useful.

The so-called "code of Blue Laws of Connecticut" was the invention of Samuel Peters, a Tory refugee

who wrote a book in London in 1780 to discredit and malign the American colonists. He had been kicked out of Connecticut as a spy, and his book, *A Generall History of Connecticote, by a Gentleman of the Province*, was too full of obviously malicious assertions, preposterous yarns and unfounded history, for even the English to swallow, little as most of them knew about the colonies. He lived in England on a pension allowed him as a Loyalist for some years, quarrelled with the Pitt ministry, returned to America, received a grant of land as compensation for his property confiscated in the Revolution, and died in New York at the age of ninety-one. After his death his history was reprinted, but even of this edition, copies are scarce, though they can be found in state libraries. His fables were and are repeated by multitudes of Americans who never heard of him or saw the book. The "blue laws" were forty-two in number, most of them quite reasonable, like the one requiring a permit to sell real estate; but those forbidding a woman to kiss her child on Sunday, or the playing of any instrument but the drum, trumpet and jews-harp, or the cutting of hair in any but the prescribed fashion, originated, like the statement that "bundling" was

universal in New England, in Peters' fertile fancy.

Another ancient partisan falsehood which has been recently exploited is that the Hartford Convention in December 1814 "plotted secession and treason in time of war." If it was treason to protest against that war, Martin van Buren, who was a leader in organizing a meeting for that purpose in New York in October 1812, was a traitor. So were the two Revolutionary generals who helped to defend a Federalist newspaper office in Baltimore against an anti-Federalist mob, one being killed and the other crippled.

The Hartford Convention was called to consider ways and means of defending the New England states against the British, after they had been informed that they could hope for no aid from Washington and must defend themselves. That summer the enemy had overrun part of Maine, and with a navy seventeen times the size of ours, threatened the 700 miles of sea-coast these states had to protect. There is not an atom of evidence that the delegates from the three states which sent representatives to the convention favored either secession or treason. Only two out of the twenty-eight had ever even remotely favored any such idea.

They met in executive session because in time of war one does not naturally care to have the enemy listening in.

Hayne's speech (to which Webster made his famous reply) was probably the source of the treason story, for which he gave as authority a book called *The Olive Branch*. This book by Mathew Carey, an anti-Federalist, was published in Philadelphia some months before the convention even met. But a fairly conclusive proof that the convention did not plot treason and secession is an official proclamation by President Andrew Jackson, at the time of the nullification claims. He said that the Eastern, that is, the New England states, "under far greater provocation, did not even contemplate secession."

III

A queer instance of a baseless story widely credited as fact is the denunciation of Mrs. Stowe for having misrepresented Kentucky in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* because "she had big, savage bloodhounds chasing Eliza." The common version is that "Mrs. Stowe knew nothing about the South: a real bloodhound is a gentle little beast that would not hurt a child."

Anyone who looks up that chap-

ter in the book will find that *there is not a bloodhound in it*. The author, indeed, takes particular care to make it clear that the Shelys didn't have any, and neither, apparently, did any of their neighbors, from whom the trader could borrow. The popular impression derives from the play, with which she had nothing to do, from which she never received a cent, and which she did not even see until it had been on the stage for a year.

The Cuban bloodhound, bred by Spaniards in the West Indies for the capture of runaway slaves, is said to have been used by slave-catchers in some parts of the far South, because fugitives there took to the swamps, where dogs would have to be large and strong enough to hold a runaway till the men could come up. In the case of Eliza, however, the boy Sam, detailed as guide to the trader, made it clear that he had no acquaintance with bloodhounds. The trick by which he steers the party off on the wrong road, thereby delaying the pursuit and giving Eliza time to reach the river, would have been quite impossible if they had been trailing her with any kind of dog.

These are a few samples of the misapprehensions bred by accepting stories without any evidence

and without even an attempt to investigate. There are dozens of other examples as ridiculous as these, and with no more foundation in fact; they have been repeated, generation after generation, because they were at one time useful to somebody who wanted to maintain, or put over, some particular social or political idea. There have been many more which in course of time have lapsed into oblivion because they were no longer of inter-

est or value, or had been so completely disproved as to be discredited and outdated. Thomas Paine, to cite one celebrated example, was referred to as an "atheist" for more than a century, in spite of the facts that the very beginning of his *Age of Reason* contains the statement, "I believe in one God, and no more," and that he elsewhere said, "The belief in God, so far from having anything of mystery in it, is of all things the most easy."



CONVERSATION WITH THE DEAD

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

THEIR silence tells me more than all
 The words of men whose vertical
 And louder language is at best
 A sermon to themselves addressed.
 They do not strive to have the last
 And fatal word, but holding fast
 To that which they have dearly learned,
 Each grave a final page unturned,
 They hold their council in the same
 Proud dust from which their wisdom came.

► *Gaullism, communism, democracy—
must they clash in a civil war?*

BEHIND FRENCH POLITICS

BY EDOUARD PFEIFFER

POLITICAL amateurs like to simplify affairs in terms of good men and bad men, democrats and fascists. Reality, especially in France, is infinitely more complex. The following summary of the French political situation is offered in a non-partisan spirit, but in the awareness that he who today tries to preserve the objectivity of the historian runs the risk of setting all the factions against him. It is not at all strange that feelings should run high at a time like this, yet emotionalism and arbitrary "labeling" of people have no place in politics.

Pre-war France was sometimes ridiculed because of her frequent ministerial crises; but her political chessboard has never been as shifting as since the defeat. Between June 1940 and November 1942, Marshal Pétain reshuffled his Cabinet half a dozen times; he ar-

rested several of his former Ministers, and Pierre Laval passed from prison to power. Between November 1942 and November 1943, North Africa saw four régimes: Admiral Darlan's, General Giraud's, that of the National Committee of Liberation under the double chairmanship of Giraud and de Gaulle, and that of the same Committee under the exclusive direction of de Gaulle.

The British and the Americans during these three years have been trying to find their way in this imbroglio, and it has not been easy; they were first hostile, then friendly toward Darlan, cordial, then reserved toward de Gaulle. What are the causes of this apparent confusion? Why have all the other leaders disappeared from the political stage, leaving only de Gaulle?

After the defeat, Marshal Pétain embodied martyred France for

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the majority of his countrymen. The people, stunned by the disaster that had befallen them, listened to General de Gaulle's appeals for resistance with sympathy and respect, but they remained bewildered. America was not at war. Russia seemed tied up with Germany. Could England resist alone? General de Gaulle maintained that she could, but he spoke from London, and he was relatively unknown. The British attack upon the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir had unfortunate repercussions. Many Frenchmen, moreover, bore Great Britain a grudge for not having sent her planes to the aid of France, and the Marshal, who had remained among his own people, made triumphant tours and was acclaimed by crowds.

In November 1940, public opinion began to change. The people had no liking for dictatorship. Although they knew that it had been imposed upon them by the invader, they blamed it on their own government. Foodstuffs were growing scarcer and scarcer; although the people knew that the Germans were stealing their food, they blamed the Marshal for their want. His negotiations with the Germans at Montoire created profound confusion: though "collaboration" was not yet translated into practice, the very word shocked the nation's

conscience. Most important of all, Great Britain was resisting the Nazis gloriously. The Anglophobia engendered by the events of the summer subsided. Hope was reborn, and since, by that time, the Germans had begun to show their real face, hatred of the enemy redoubled in intensity.

From that time on, the Marshal steadily lost ground and General de Gaulle steadily gained it. In vain did Pétain try to outwit the invader. He was forced to yield at every turn to arrests, unpopular anti-Semitic measures, and other humiliations. His dismissal of the old parliamentarians in favor of suspected fascists alienated democratic opinion. The French regained their faith in victory and passed from mouth to mouth General de Gaulle's saying: "France has lost a battle, she has not lost the war."

On June 22, 1941, Germany attacked Russia. But one day before, Pétain and de Gaulle were more or less equally popular; the day after this attack, the balance was broken. The Communist Party, which had opposed the war in 1939 and had been neutral since 1940, now took an anti-German stand. Side by side with the Gaullist underground, born only yesterday, a much more powerful communist underground

was created. The two were now to work together against the common enemy. In December 1941, the United States entered the war, and France, electrified by the news, no longer doubted that victory would fall to the Allies. Marshal Pétain's popularity began to wane, and the Rightists, with whom he had identified himself, shared his fate.

In November 1942, came the *coup de grâce*: America occupied North Africa and Germany invaded the "free zone." The Marshal's partisans, who thought that he had braved popular disfavor in order to attack Hitler at a propitious moment, hoped that he would now declare war on Germany. Darlan asked him to do so. After some hesitation, he refused. Since then he has been little more than a living corpse, while Pierre Laval, his designated heir, is the pet aversion of the masses.

Inside France de Gaulle was the only man to benefit from this decisive shift in public opinion. But his star shone less brightly in North Africa. Algeria was completely unlike European France. It had not experienced invasion, its food restrictions were more bearable, and the Vichy dictatorship was milder in character. Anti-Semitism, non-existent in France, was rampant here. The French settlers

in Algeria favored resistance to the Nazis, but they were far from supporting de Gaulle, and the same mood prevailed in the army and navy.

Small wonder that when Admiral Darlan joined the Allies, he was acclaimed as the new leader, and that the day after his assassination, General Giraud was acclaimed for the same reasons. Giraud's prestige, however, was not equal to Darlan's, and a common ground between France and Algeria had to be found. Negotiations were started between Giraud and de Gaulle. In their first stage a division of power was decided upon. In their second stage, Giraud collapsed. Honorable and high-minded, he lacks force and political experience. With his almost morbid fear of politics, he was not hard to defeat. General de Gaulle won the game.

II

For the average Frenchman, the President of the Committee of Liberation is the same man today that he was in 1940: he is still the living embodiment of resistance. But in 1940, to his friends as well as enemies, he was a democratic Anglophile, while today his enemies denounce him as an Anglo-

phobe, an Americanophobe and an aspiring dictator. Gaullists of yesterday have become anti-Gaullists, and *vice versa*.

Amid this confusion, one fact stands out clearly. De Gaulle's relations with Washington and especially with London seem less and less satisfactory. Why? His partisans say it is because he has always supported the French point of view; his opponents say it is because he has aroused the distrust of the democracies by playing a too personal game.

These contradictions become clearer when we study the General's character. He has the qualities of a statesman — intelligence, coolness, will power, passionate love for his country. He also has the defects characteristic of certain statesmen — stubbornness and implacable hatred for those who oppose him.

General de Gaulle's nationalism naturally has won the unanimous support of the country. The French are irritated when the very people who formerly blamed them for their imperialism and excessive armaments now reproach them for having lost a battle and act as if their defeat were permanent; they do not and will not accept any tutelage. When de Gaulle defends the integrity of the French colonial empire, France agrees with him.

When he emphasizes the fact that France must be given a place in the councils of the great powers, at least after her liberation, the country again thinks he is right.

Sometimes, however, the General's temperament leads him astray. His illusory fear of an American occupation of Saint-Pierre and Miquelon seems to have induced him to send Admiral Muselier to these islands. When his newspaper, *La Marseillaise*, criticized the American landing in North Africa, the prelude to France's deliverance, many felt that it was unjust, the kind of criticism which should have been left exclusively to Pierre Laval. England and the United States have too much integrity and political sense not to desire the rebirth of France as a great power. General de Gaulle is too keen to doubt their sincerity and he knows that France is passionately pro-Ally. The present tension between him and the Anglo-American alliance must therefore have other causes. What are they?

Strong-willed as he is, de Gaulle has doubtless not forgiven the British and the Americans their refusal to grant him diplomatic recognition and the Americans, especially, their diplomatic relations with the Vichy government. But, as we have pointed out, before

November 1942, when Pétain collapsed, the Marshal represented a power which it was impossible to disregard. Although London and Washington did not grant de Gaulle everything he asked for, he nevertheless owes them his political ascendancy to a very great degree. If de Gaulle did not obtain full recognition in November 1942, it certainly is not because of any grudge the Allies bear him for a few extreme measures or fits of bad humor; the reasons are deeper.

One of them is easy to discern. In England and in the United States, rightly or wrongly, the idea has progressively gained ground that de Gaulle, unbeknownst to the French, has developed a "dictatorial complex." In certain circles hostile to the General or simply distrustful of him, much has been made of passages like these from his book *Le Fil de l'Épée* (*The Edge of the Sword*), published in 1932:

All the respect the masses used to grant to high office or birth, they transfer today to those who have imposed their own authority on others. What legitimate prince has ever been obeyed as much as this or that dictator who has come to power out of nothing, unless it be his own boldness?

* * *

Might dictates the law to the nations and settles their fate.

* * *

Evangelical perfection does not rule an

empire. The man of action is inconceivable without a strong dose of egoism, pride, hardness, ruse.

Apprehensive people have declared that the General had a Royalist and anti-Semitic past, that he once maintained in London, and now maintains in Algeria, a real Gestapo composed of Rightist extremists, many of whom used to be members of that notorious group of terrorists, the *Cagoulauds*. There has been talk of mysterious disappearances at Duke Street, the General's London headquarters, of clandestine shipments of prisoners to concentration camps in Equatorial Africa.

A great fuss was made in the British press and even in the *New York Times* around the Dufour affair. Dufour, a French reserve officer, who worked in occupied territory for the British underground, charges that upon his arrival in London Gaullist officers demanded that he name the British agents with whom he had been in contact; that when he refused, he was beaten with steel rods and locked up in a dark cell. Having managed to escape, he brought an action against his alleged tormentors.

The case has not yet been tried, but it is certain that the whole affair has not improved relations be-

tween de Gaulle and the British. The fact that M. Félix Gouin, a well-known Socialist parliamentarian and former vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, sent an article from London to the USA against de Gaulle, in which he raised the ghost of dictatorship, is significant.

III

Another recent incident has revived the fears of certain democrats. They had expected de Gaulle to restore the refugee parliamentarians to their old prerogatives. But last September the General created a consultative Committee which bore an unfortunate resemblance to Pétain's *Conseil National*. It consisted of ninety members, of whom fifty were more or less appointed by de Gaulle, only twenty by the former Chamber of Deputies, and twenty by various groups. The deputies who had approved the full powers granted Pétain (that is, the overwhelming majority of the Chamber and Senate) were rightly declared ineligible, unless rehabilitated; yet the communists, who had deserted their country after the declaration of war in 1939, were made eligible. Of course, no one wished to exclude the communists from the new parlia-

ment, but the privileged situation granted them by de Gaulle seemed to confirm the reports that he was seeking to obtain from the Soviets the support he had failed to obtain elsewhere. It was pointed out that he had repeatedly shown himself particularly cordial toward the USSR; that last August the Communist Youth had paraded before him; that a communist deputy had been officially welcomed at the City Hall in Algiers.

De Gaulle's flirtation with Stalin can be understood as shrewd power politics. If Gaullism is a force, it is a heterogeneous force composed of antagonistic elements. There is only one other such force in France — united, organized and even more powerful — the Communist Party.

When Frenchmen suffer they readily incline toward extremism. In 1936, there were seventy-two communist deputies out of a total of 618; today there would be many more. Hatred of fascism and admiration for the Soviet armies favor Moscow. Gabriel Péri, the communist leader executed by a German firing squad, has become a national hero. Everyone repeats the last words of another martyr who shouted to his hangmen at the gallows, "Long live the German Communist Party!" People remember a boy of seventeen shot at

Nantes because he was the son of a communist deputy. It is said that the communist underground, the most powerful of all the underground organizations, is directed by the best known communist deputies from Paris itself.

Will these two forces, Gaullism and communism, reach an agreement? Or will there be a break? We can safely assume that this problem greatly preoccupies the Allies, and that it has been discussed in Moscow.

What took place there affecting the French picture? All that is known is that on November 6, 1943, the Committee of Liberation was completely reorganized. The important event was not General Giraud's departure — he had been out of action before — but the admission of well-known parliamentarians: MM. Queuille, Le Trocquer, Jacquinot and Mendès-France. Would these four deputies have consented to collaborate with de Gaulle if they believed that he still had dictatorial ambitions? This is unlikely. Even more significant, the Consultative Committee elected as its chairman M. Félix Gouin, a stubborn defender of democratic institutions who only recently had criticized the General. On the morrow of the Moscow Agreements, in short, the General

moved closer to Parliament, from which he had moved away a short while before; he thought it necessary to reassure the French and the Allies concerning his future intentions.

Thus, today, a third force has been interposed between Gaullism and communism: Parliament. (It is well to note that Pétain, like de Gaulle, has just conceded that Parliament must be restored.) Its representatives will defend republican legality, and in their eyes the victory of the Allies will be the victory of democracy. The deputies will side with de Gaulle only if they feel certain that he does not want to be President of the Republic in order later to attempt a *coup d'état* patterned after that of Louis-Napoleon. They will side with the communists if the latter, who have always followed Moscow and who will continue to draw their inspiration from that source, confirm by their deeds Stalin's declaration that Bolshevism is no longer an article of export. They will be firmly against dictatorship and against revolution.

Dictatorship could come only from de Gaulle; revolution, only from Stalin.

It would seem completely to General de Gaulle's advantage to remain within democratic legality;

if he tries to challenge both the communists and Parliament, he will surely fail, and if he relies upon Moscow to support him as the head of an authoritarian government, he runs the risk of being cruelly disappointed.

As for Stalin, it is no more to his advantage to play for revolution in France than it is for de Gaulle to play for dictatorship. The Allies have concluded a marriage of convenience with Moscow, and the propagation of communism in the Latin countries would force a divorce. Spain would go anarcho-syndicalist, Italy might go Trotskyist, France would be threatened by civil war, and the Allies might be obliged to restore order; the present Russophilia might yield to the former Russophobia. Thus, par-

adoxically, everything points to the conclusion that Stalin will help restrain revolutionary communism in France.

In these circumstances the three forces now confronting one another on the stage of French politics — Gaullism, Parliament and the revolutionaries of yesterday — may well combine to form a Fourth Republic with strong Left tendencies. This solution, which would meet the wishes both of the French and the Allies, would seem to be the most desirable. It would enable liberated France to work in peace for her own and Europe's reconstruction, in harmony with Great Britain, the United States and Russia. It is the logical solution, but unfortunately, in apocalyptic times, logic does not always prevail.



One Man's Opinion —

● Women very rarely love truth; though they love passionately what they call "the truth," — or opinions they have received from others, — and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things.

— W. E. H. LECKY, *The History of Human Morals*

IN FAIRNESS TO THE SMALL TAXPAYER—

By J. K. LASSER

THE complexities and occasional inequities of the present tax system are not the fault of any group of individuals or sinister lobbies. The basic principles, I believe, are fair enough, and to condemn Congress or Internal Revenue officials (who only carry out the law) for the injustices is easy but not very fair. Our legislators are harassed by pleas from all quarters to allow for deductions involving the most intricate calculations, and if they come forth, at long last, with a set of rules that they themselves and tax experts barely understand and that induce nightmares in the average taxpayer, don't blame them but the inevitable compromises of the democratic process.

The injustices affect all taxpayers, small and large. The large ones, however, can seek relief in the courts. The small ones can't, since court procedure consumes more time and money than they

can afford. Though there are millions of them, they have no lobby, so to speak, and the vast majority of them grumble a bit among themselves, pay meekly and pray for a kind Providence to come to their assistance. Here I propose to plead at least part of their case, taking up some of the more glaring inequities in the tax system as applied to people in the lowest brackets.

* * *

Work clothes form an important part of the average person's means of livelihood, and the cost of their upkeep should be allowable as a deduction. Consider, for example, the cost of uniforms and laundering, dry-cleaning and pressing them. They cannot, the present ruling to the contrary notwithstanding, generally be called purely personal expenses, because nurses, truck drivers and guards, to mention only a few who are obliged to work in uniforms, cannot use them

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as street apparel. Over a period of a year a nurse may spend as much as \$200 for clothes and laundry. That is a considerable outlay.

We are told that in England, "trade allowances," or round sum deductions, are permitted for work clothes, tools, laundry, etc., in fixed amounts without proof, for all trades. The figures are arrived at by agreement with union representatives of the different trades. This saves a lot of bookkeeping and unnecessary administrative work and avoids much friction.

In these war days, workers frequently have to travel long distances to and from their munitions factories or shipyards, and the expense thus entailed is large. It is equivalent to a reduction of income, and taxing it, as is the rule now, is an obvious injustice.

The same reasoning may be applied to the cost of moving one's household from one city to another to be nearer one's place of employment. Very often this expense comes to as much as a worker's wages for two or three weeks. The present tax on top of that amounts to a penalty for helping the war effort.

Sometimes a worker cannot move his family near his place of employment—he cannot find an apartment, he cannot break his old

lease, one of his children may be ill, or for a number of other reasons—and he is obliged to seek shelter and board in a hotel or lodging house. He is thus burdened with a heavy additional expense, which cannot be deducted from his taxable income.

In the case of wives and mothers who wish to do their part in helping beat the Axis, they naturally have to seek domestic help to care for their children and homes, and it seems unreasonable that the expense of such help be not allowed as a tax deduction. It should be held tax free. This consideration, small enough in the absolute but appreciable in the average limited family budget, would act as an inducement for more women to offer their services in war plants.

* * *

Frequently workers who wish to improve their earning capacity take night or week-end courses in technical schools, and it seems to be sound social policy to exempt such expenses from taxation. In the case of school teachers, who have to keep abreast of the latest advances in their profession, refresher courses in the summer are practically compulsory, and what they spend for this purpose often reaches three figures. They can ill afford to pay a tax upon it, which they now

must do. As for the hundreds of thousands who take intensive technical courses to make themselves useful in war factories, they deserve even more consideration in this respect than established professionals like school teachers. It is good sense to tax their *earnings*, not *the money they spend to enable them to earn*.

Medical expenses, widely defined, should be allowed, in a greater measure, as a tax deduction. They are now allowed only in a limited amount. According to the present law, a strange injustice ensues. In a factory where medical attention is provided free to the workers, the employer may deduct the expense of this extra service. In another factory, where the individual employé must pay for his medical attention, he is not permitted to deduct the expense from his own tax return. A reasonable blanket deduction for medical expenses would seem to be a fair solution of this problem.

A word about life and accident insurance premiums, which are nondeductible. The worker, in making himself an adjunct of a machine owned by another, gives up a large measure of security that he would have as an individual farmer or entrepreneur, and he compensates, in part, for this inse-

curity, by taking out insurance and paying for it out of his wages. It would seem to be wise to encourage the insurance habit by allowing the premiums as a deduction.

* * *

Alimony payments are deductible, but only when a legal agreement of separation or divorce has been obtained. The taxpayer who cannot afford to obtain a legal separation or divorce from his wife, yet willingly pays for her separate maintenance, is not permitted to deduct the payments he thus makes to the one who is a wife only in name. Plainly, he needs relief. If the courts are too expensive for him to obtain a lawful definition of his predicament, at least tax officials should give him consideration.

The cost of preparing tax returns should be deductible. As the tax law becomes more and more complicated, more individuals have to seek professional advice, and the least the Treasury could do is to hold this expense tax free. Business firms can deduct this expense; why not individuals also?

In the matter of credit for dependents, a broader view by the Treasury seems to be called for. Credits should be allowed in cases where dependents are jointly maintained. The present rule, which requires a contribution of more

than 50 per cent to the upkeep of a dependent for a person to claim tax exemption for that amount, is especially hard on people with small incomes, each of whom is more likely to pay less than 50 per cent for the upkeep of a dependent. As matters stand today, three or four people may contribute jointly to the support of a minor or an invalid adult, and yet not one of them may claim tax exemption.

Then there is the common case of the widowed mother-in-law. She can be claimed as a dependent now only if one can prove that she is incapable of self-support. What sense is there in this provision of the law? She could probably get a job as a nurse or an office clerk, but asking her to look for one now is stupid as well as cruel. She is too old to return to the business world. Besides, her presence in the home indirectly increases taxable income by releasing other members of the family for work outside the home.

* * *

The notion that the best taxable period is the calendar year needs considerable revision. In many instances it is fair enough, but in others it is grossly unfair. Consider the case of the struggling novelist. He sometimes works for ten years writing books that are not published at all or, if published, sell

very poorly. Then he writes a novel that sells several hundred thousand, and Uncle Sam spreads the income of that book over three years, *no matter whether it took three years or more to write*, but there is no allowance for the other seven lean years invested in the work.

A similar hardship is suffered by those employed in industries that have cycles of idleness and intense activity. These cycles, as in the building trades or the machine tools industry, are often of several years' duration. The average income of the employé over many years in such industries may be the same as that of the steady worker, but his income tax burden is far greater. Our present system of steep gradations in taxes does him an injustice.

Finally, a word about the equalization of the tax burden between farmers and industrial workers now that tax rates are high and exemptions are low. Some form of equalization is almost mandatory. Farmers pay no tax on goods consumed off their farms; yet workers who must purchase these foods at very high prices receive no adjustment whatever on their taxable income. The farmer's real income is much more than his money income. Moreover, he gets the same credits for dependents as do workers, yet

the children of the farmer probably support themselves by contributing to the untaxed family income by the multitude of chores they perform around the farm. Only a powerful political lobby keeps the farmer from bearing his proper burden of taxation.

These are but a few of the inequities of the present tax system, but they probably include those of widest interest. I believe they can all be adjusted to the satisfaction both of the Government and the taxpayer, and without straining the legislative process too much.



*"I'm getting good and tired of being shoved around
by bureaucrats."*



PNEU-MO-COC-CUS
is a treacherous fellow
(... and this is his best hunting season!)

PNEUMOCOCCUS is the germ that causes most cases of pneumonia.

He is a skillful hunter, preferring the cold winter months when people are gen-

erally less able to ward off his attacks.

Sometimes Pneumococcus strikes people who are in excellent physical condition. But he really goes to work with

glee on someone whose resistance has been weakened—perhaps through over-



work, poor nutrition, or insufficient exercise.

He enjoys good hunting in stormy weather, stalking people who aren't dressed warmly, or whose clothing or shoes are soaked. Even better, he likes to shadow someone who has influenza, a severe cold, or a cold that hangs on. Such infections of the nose, throat, or lungs help him start a full-blown case of pneumonia.

Once you learn these wily habits of *Pneumococcus*, you can take the obvious steps to avoid his attack.

If, in spite of precautions, he should press home a successful attack, *quick action is necessary!* Any of the following signs of early pneumonia are an urgent warning to call the doctor *immediately*: A chill, followed by fever . . . coughing accompanied by pain in the side . . .



thick, rust-colored sputum . . . rapid breathing.

In most cases of pneumonia, the doc-

tor has a powerful weapon in the sulfa drugs. In some cases, serum is still used effectively. The earlier treatment is started, the better are the chances of hastening recovery and of preventing serious consequences.

Sometimes when pneumonia strikes, *Pneumococcus* is not to blame. The cause may be a germ or a virus against which sulfa drugs and serums are not effective. *In such cases, prompt medical and nursing care are particularly important, for recovery depends upon general care.*

During the "pneumonia months" the wisest course is to keep fit . . . to avoid colds . . . to take care of a cold should one develop. If a cold is very severe or hangs on, *go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

For more information about pneumonia, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Respiratory Diseases."

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THREE OLD FOLKS

A Story

BY RAYMOND KRESENKY

GRAN'MA PHELPS was Howard's mother, and way past ninety. She had been a tall woman and now as she sat in her high-backed rocker by the window she still seemed tall. Age had bent her but she straightened up in her chair so that she could see around the room, and take in all that was going on outdoors, making her still appear tall. Gran'ma Phelps watched the people go by on the street. It was her source of daily pleasure. While Lizzie Phelps, Howard's wife, was washing dishes, or cleaning in the bathroom, or perhaps getting dinner, Gran'ma would call:

"Lizzie, come here quick. Who's that going by with the Peters girl? My eyes are bad and I can't tell."

"Mother, I'm busy now."

"Oh, you never seem to realize I'm almost blind. Come quick. They're almost turning the corner behind the lilac hedge."

Lizzie would leave what she was doing and come to the window. "It's the Hartman boy, mother."

"Is she fooling around with him? I tell you, nothing good will come of it. Are you sure it's the Hartman boy?"

"I'm sure, mother. But, you know I can't see so very well myself."

"A young woman like you with bad eyes! Lizzie Phelps, you're not seventy yet. It's downright foolish to say that."

"Just going on seventy," Lizzie answered quietly.

Though Lizzie was not young herself, and many would think of her as an old woman, to Gran'ma she was still a child. Lizzie had a stubborn will, inherited from the Jenkinsons, and nervous energy that made her seem younger than her sixty-eight years. "I've got to keep going," she often said. "With an

RAYMOND KRESENKY is a Presbyterian clergyman in Emerson, Nebraska. This story is his first to appear in a national magazine, though he has had other stories published in "little magazines." He has also written a good deal of poetry.

old lady on my hands, and a husband who's almost as much a baby. Land sakes! All my life I've been waiting on someone."

She got along with the old lady all right, because she had learned how to hold her tongue. Her big problem was to keep her mother-in-law's mind occupied. Gran'ma liked flowers and Lizzie brought in slips from geranium or foliage plants from the neighbors, rooting them in water, and potting them. Gran'ma liked to pick off the dead leaves and poke her fingers around the dirt in the pots. Every now and then she'd have Lizzie turn the plants around so that the other side could get the sun. The old lady did a little knitting, and that was about all. Her eyes had gone back on her and Lizzie had had to read for her. Lizzie did not mind reading the Bible but when Gran'ma got ahold of some confession magazines that was too much.

"They're real romantic," Gran'ma said.

"But I won't read trash like that," Lizzie protested to no avail.

"You're getting kinda snooty in your old age," Gran'ma giggled. After reading one of them through from cover to cover, and Lizzie blushing in shame most of the time, Gran'ma decided she didn't care for those romances. But Lizzie often

suspected her mother-in-law of hiding the magazines and reading them on the sly, for there were times when the old lady ceased to be troublesome and acted secretive.

At supper Gran'ma was always talkative. Her son owned a farm just out of town where he spent most of his time spying on his tenants for fear they might get away with something that didn't belong to them. When Howard came home his mother pestered him.

"Lord knows, I ain't had anyone to talk to all day. Lizzie here's as tight as a clam. If my own son won't talk to me, who will? Lizzie just goes around like she was mad at me. Ask her, Howard, what I've done?"

"Why, mother," Lizzie would answer, "I try to be as sociable as I can. If my work takes me to another part of the house, what can I do? You don't want me to be yelling at you?"

"No. But I never heard of a Jenkins saying more'n ten words at one time, and you are a Jenkins. Your whole family's that way."

Lizzie bit her lip to hold back her anger. What was the use of quarreling? She'd been doing this for years. Gran'ma had pointed an accusing finger at her all the days of her life with Howard. Howard wasn't much company, nor help

either. He came home nights and spent all of his time entertaining his mother. Lizzie couldn't remember the last time she was intimate with him. They'd hardly had their honeymoon over when Gran'ma Phelps settled down on them.

Then there was Lizzie's own father. He was the second one of the three old folks around whom Lizzie Phelps's life moved. Lizzie was always reminded of him at meal times.

"Oh, Gran'ma, don't load your plate like that. You'll never eat it all," she would say.

"I guess I will," Gran'ma had been answering the same way for more than fifteen years now. "My son buys this food. I know my own appetite."

Lizzie saw her husband filling his plate with fried potatoes and salt pork. She knew he couldn't eat that much either. Every night she might have to throw away food.

"There's no sense in throwing away food, Howard. You shouldn't take any more than you can eat," Lizzie would say.

"I'm no child, Lizzie."

"Well, I try to keep us out of the poor house."

"I know what you're driving at," the man would put in.

The conversation had been repeated almost a thousand times.

Yes, Lizzie knew what they were driving at.

She knew both Gran'ma and Howard wanted her to take dirtied food to "the dog," as they called it.

"There'll be some left over for the dog," Howard or Gran'ma would always say.

II

That hurt Lizzie, for they had no dog. What food was left over she put on a plate and took out to the shed where her father lived. Once she put a few potatoes and meat and some bread in the warming oven, but Howard got it and brought it to the table.

"Why not put everything on the table?" he asked.

Lizzie had nothing to say. She was tired of fighting. If she could, she saved food before the meal and, if she couldn't she scraped the plates for "the dog." What hurt her was that her own father didn't care if the food had been touched. After meals she cleaned up some food, making it appear as untouched as possible, and took it out to the shed. When she opened the door the old man would move a little in his chair.

"That you, child? Come in. I thought you'd never get here with my supper."

Lizzie said, "Father," and that was all.

She set the plate down on a stool in front of the old man. In the dull light of a lantern she could see the wrinkled face. It came out of the darkness like a weird phantom. Her father never looked real to her there. Back in the corner of the shed there was a cot with blankets spread over it. A small wood stove threw a little heat into the room. The old man was wrapped in a flannel bathrobe over his coat and overcoat. He seldom left the shed, sat there all day, dreaming, musing, or not thinking at all. The people in town called him "queer" and crazy, but Lizzie knew he was just plain stubborn. She remembered one cold day when the old man had to leave the shed for firewood. It was the only day old man Jenkins had ever come out. He had put on a suit of woolen underwear over his suit. He had looked so funny as he hobbled to the house Lizzie had laughed, but realization brought fear to her. Her father must be crazy, must be a little off. She scolded him but he only said, "Well, you wear them on the inside, why not outside?"

After that he kept to his shed.

Every night, after Lizzie had placed the meal on the stool, she went over to an old mahogany

dresser on which a mess of old papers, combs, bottles and neckties were strewn, and looked at the picture. It was framed with heavy gold strips cut into curlicues and fancy designs. Cobwebs hung from the top and dust and flyspecks covered the glass. But the face of the woman pictured there always came to meet her. It was Lizzie's mother. Old man Jenkins cherished that picture but when Lizzie offered to clean it he refused to let her touch it.

"It's my mother," she said, "isn't it?"

But the old man was as stubborn about that as he was about changing his mode of life. He'd lived in lumber camps and cheap hotels in factory towns ever since Lizzie married Howard Phelps. Only in his old age would he come to his daughter, and then he wouldn't come in the house with those high-toned, nosy Phelps. Lizzie knew that the Phelps would want him to come in. She knew they wanted him to be where he was, so that they could bring it up to her whenever they chose, that her father was nothing but a dirty bum. And the hardest thing for Lizzie to bear was that the old man was dirty, had been a bum, and he'd eat the touched food the Phelps family left, as if he were a dog.

But that picture of her mother, it made her want to know her father, to understand him, perhaps to love him. But he would not give her a chance. Whenever Lizzie tried to get him to talk of his wife, he closed in like a clam. It was none of her business. When the old man died, she knew, she'd have her mother's picture. She'd hang it in her own bedroom. She almost wished the old fellow would go pretty soon. He was over ninety now. But she admired him, for he had something she didn't have. She didn't quite understand what it was, but whatever this admirable thing was it made her humble to his wishes.

III

That evening as she lay in bed she looked at the man lying beside her. His thin legs made two long rises in the sheets over him. Under the covers she could feel the coldness and thinness of that body, old, old as Gran'ma's. It had always been that way. Never once had he warmed up to her. He would often get up in the night and there would be a cold place left where it had always been cold. She was ever conscious of his being there. They were never like one person, as she had thought married couples are.

Then there was Uncle John Phelps, Gran'ma's brother-in-law. He was the other of the three old folks, so much a part of Lizzie's life, and so much a question in the matter of her understanding the ways of the world. John Phelps was much younger than Gran'ma's husband and his wife Mary had been a close friend of Lizzie's. The two Phelps homes stood side by side, a special gate between the two gardens. Lizzie and Mary Phelps visited back and forth all day, exchanging recipes, passing on gossip, and helping each other with work.

"I declare, Lizzie," Gran'ma would say, "I can't see what Uncle John's doing these days. He's never been out of the house. You ought to go over and see what he's doing."

"I do," her daughter-in-law would answer. "But he won't listen to me. I want to help him with his meals and maybe clean up the place a little but he won't hear to it."

"Since Mary died he hasn't been the same," the old lady would say.

"I will go over to Uncle John's in the morning," Lizzie told her mother-in-law.

In the morning she washed the breakfast dishes hurriedly. When she passed Gran'ma's chair Gran'ma asked, "Where you running off to so early in the morning?"

"I'm going over to Uncle John's. I told you yesterday."

"See you don't do any meddling over there. He's better off let alone. Leave such men to themselves, I always say."

Lizzie went down through the garden and came by the shed. Her father was sitting in the doorway. He looked beyond her, not even giving her a sign of recognition. The warm sun brought out a certain fragrance among the shrubs. A bluebird sat on the fence and whistled for all he was worth. With her hand on the gate to Uncle John's garden, Lizzie turned back to look over the neat rows of garden truck, the flower beds, the clean paths of her own garden. The bright day made her remember how she used to hurry through here on her way to see Aunt Mary Phelps. Mary was like Lizzie; both women liked clean houses and good cooking. But there was something different about Aunt Mary. She always talked about Uncle John — and Lizzie never had anything to say about Howard.

Lizzie opened the kitchen door and walked in. The place was cluttered with unwashed dishes. A greasy frying pan with some bacon deep in the white fat sat on the stove. The floor was strewn with old shoes, a hunting knife, a hoe

and a broom. Lizzie wanted to get her hands into it all, to clean it up, but she thought better of it. Where was John?

She passed through the dining room and realized how every piece of furniture, every hanging, and every rug was just as Mary left it five years before. John wouldn't let a thing be changed. The dust and cobwebs were thick everywhere. John was stretched out on his bed. He had wrapped the bedclothes around himself.

"How are you, John?" Lizzie asked.

John rolled over and blinked at her.

"Nice time to call," he said. "Catching an old man in a position like this."

"I thought maybe I could help you."

"Don't need help."

"But things are dusty. Maybe I could wash the dishes for you."

"No. I can take care of myself. I ain't dead yet," he answered.

"But your bed is as filthy as a barn."

"It's all right to sleep in."

"You should have new bedclothes. Those are all worn out."

"These are the bedclothes Mary had and this bed is made just as she made it and it's going to stay that way. You get out of here, Lizzie

Phelps, and mind your own business. I know what I'm doing."

Lizzie walked from the room. Yes, the house was just as Mary left it and the old man wouldn't have it changed for anything.

"Everything's just like Mary left it but she didn't leave it this dusty and dirty," Lizzie said. "She'd turn over in her grave if she knew how you was living."

"I said, get out and I mean, get out."

Going back home there were no pleasant thoughts in Lizzie's mind. She could still smell the foulness of John's home, and the dirt and the mess irritated her. But that wasn't what was worrying the woman. Here too, in John's place, there was that same thing. In all his dirt John had something she didn't have. He remembered a good woman and he kept her home as she had left it. He made a shrine of it to her.

IV

That afternoon one of the girls from the Sunday school came over and left some books for Gran'ma. The girl herself liked love stories, so the books she left for Gran'ma were love stories.

"Left me some silly love books," Gran'ma said. "And she knew I couldn't read."

Still, Gran'ma was pleased that someone in town had paid attention to her. She liked young folks and if they did things for her she was especially fond of them.

"Some day you'll have to read them to me, Lizzie," she said.

Love books! That was the last straw. Lizzie wouldn't read such trash herself, let alone read them aloud to Gran'ma. When Howard saw the books he laughed and said he'd read them himself. Howard seemed to be feeling fine that day. Lizzie thought it would be a good time to suggest the black suit again. Howard needed a black suit to wear at funerals. He had looked awful at Aunt Mary's funeral, and soon there'd be two or three in the Phelps family.

"Howard," she said speaking slowly and carefully, "This would be a good day for you to go down to the clothing store and get that black suit measured for. You know, you can't tell what will happen."

"Black suit!" Howard snapped. "My gray one's all right and there isn't any place we'd be going to but that I could wear it."

"Maybe . . . maybe funerals."

There was a momentary silence. At last Howard spoke.

"Why do you have to go over to Uncle John's and get him riled up? Always meddling."

"Why, John!" Lizzie exclaimed.

"Yes, I stopped over this noon, and he told me. Why can't you leave him alone? He isn't any relation of yours."

Lizzie went into the kitchen. Everybody was against her, she thought, everybody but Aunt Mary and she was dead. But, busying herself with washing and dusting she could forget what was in her thoughts. The battle between work that would occupy the hands, as well as the mind, and thoughts that made her feel that the whole world was turning against her was almost won when she was called into the dining room. Gran'ma Phelps had had another spell. She lay stiffened in her chair. Her eyes were wild and her hands clutched nervously.

"Get some water. Quick," Howard called.

Gran'ma often had those fainting spells but this time she never received her strength back. They took her to her bed and there she remained. For days she lay in a coma. When she came out of it she was helpless. When she was aware of it she wouldn't let Lizzie wait on her. Howard had to hire a trained nurse.

It was the day she died that Lizzie came into the living room. Howard was sitting in Gran'ma's chair. He was reading one of the

love books. When he saw Lizzie he slipped the book under the chair.

"Just trying to get my mind off of my troubles," he said.

Lizzie went on into the bedroom with something the nurse had asked for. Silly old fool, she said to herself, a man of his age! Reading love books when his own mother is dying. But now that Gran'ma Phelps was helpless on her bed Lizzie began to see a new world. She found that she could run the household without much criticism. Howard never meddled now that his mother was not there to put in her word. Once or twice he even smiled at Lizzie. Lizzie found herself smiling back — but she thought it was all due to the presence of a dying person.

In the afternoon when Lizzie came to Gran'ma's bedroom door she saw Gran'ma sitting in a chair beside the bed. A strange fear overcame her. Gran'ma wasn't going to die after all. No, she shouldn't think that. She was afraid Gran'ma would get hurt. The nurse came out when she saw the startled look on Lizzie's face.

"She's too sweet for words," the nurse said. "She wanted to get up and read. You know they get second eyesight in extreme old age. I suppose you understand, Mrs.

Phelps, that the old lady is past saving now. When they're that old you might as well let them have their way."

"I'd think you'd be careful," Lizzie said.

"But I wanted to tell you," the nurse went on, "She said she'd been reading some book. I wasn't to tell you, she said. The book was a love story and she told me just where to find it. She even got me to find the page where she had left her mark. She said she wanted to finish that love story before she . . ." Great tears came to the nurse's eyes. "Oh, isn't it just too sweet for words?"

"Humph," Lizzie said and hurried back into the kitchen.

Later the nurse came into the kitchen, "I want you to see her," she said softly.

The two women stood in the bedroom door. Gran'ma had the book lifted to the light from the window. She turned a page, then another. The two women waited silently.

Lizzie turned away. A new understanding had come over her. Now she knew what Gran'ma had that she didn't have. Then the nurse grabbed her arm.

"It's over, I know. I can feel it."

Gran'ma's head dropped on her shoulder. The two women hurried

into the room. The nurse felt the pulse and listened for breathing. But Lizzie looked at the book on the old lady's lap. The old wrinkled hands lay on the last page. "Finis" was written there in embossed letters.

That evening Howard helped the undertaker. When he came out of the bedroom to where Lizzie stood by the window weeping he took her hand.

"Look," he said, "Gran'ma was reading this book. Maybe I'll read it. If it was good enough for mother it must be good enough for me."

Lizzie thought of her own mother's picture hanging out in the shed. Perhaps at that moment her father was looking at it. She thought of Uncle John sleeping in the bed just as it had been when he and Aunt Mary lay there together. She thought of Gran'ma and her love stories.

"The nurse told me," she said to Howard. His hand felt warm then.

"Maybe we can read this book together," he said.

"Yes," Lizzie answered. "Right now I have to clean some chickens. We'll have extra company till after the funeral, and you, Howard Phelps, might as well get that black suit right now. I'm not going to have you go out looking like you always do."

► *From the battlefield to Staten
Island — a medical Odyssey.*

CASE HISTORY OF A CASUALTY

BY PHILIP HAMBURGER

IN New Guinea last December a Japanese hand grenade exploded several feet from Corporal Irvin Sheedy of Green Bay, Wisconsin, the concussion throwing him back two yards and causing a compound fracture of his left leg, a simple fracture in his right leg, fifty-seven shrapnel wounds, a shattered nerve in his left forearm, and considerable damage to his left ankle bone. Thanks to the services of the Army Medical Corps and to his own profound conviction that the odds are against a man of Irish descent being mortally wounded by the Japanese, Corporal Sheedy is now convalescing at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, his left leg still in a cast and his left arm bandaged from elbow to wrist. Like several hundred other convalescent soldiers at Walter Reed, Corporal Sheedy has been awarded the Purple Heart for what the Army aseptically calls "a wound which necessitates treat-

ment by a medical officer and which is received by Army personnel in action with an enemy of the United States."

One afternoon recently Corporal Sheedy and I talked together on the rolling lawn outside his ward, Sheedy propping himself against a giant maple tree, his crutches by his side. Clusters of soldiers lay stretched on the grass nearby, idly chatting; above us, on the four porches jutting from each floor of the hospital, men sat motionless in wheel chairs, their faces to the sun. Like Sheedy, they all wore the somewhat dashing maroon pants and jackets provided convalescents by the Army. Corporal Sheedy had an added piece of equipment, his garrison hat, which perched on top of his head at a rakish angle, giving him the air of a sergeant. He is short and stocky, with the shoulders of a boxer, but his tough, scrappy face, pale even in the sun, seems to have

PHILIP HAMBURGER has been on the staff of the *New Yorker* since 1939. He was graduated from Johns Hopkins and studied at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia. In 1942 he got out three pamphlets for the Government: *Divide and Conquer*, *The Unconquered People* and *Tale of a City*.

lived a good deal longer than his twenty-six years.

Sheedy told me he joined the Army in April 1941, leaving road construction work in Green Bay, where he was born and went to elementary school. Early in November 1942 his unit was flown across the Owen Stanley Mountains from Port Moresby to Onegeela, a native village east of Buna, Sheedy's destination and occupied at the time by the Japanese. Sixteen days later he reached the front, having inched his way west along the coast by banana boat and tug to Oro Bay, and thence on foot to a point several miles below Buna.

"On Christmas I was doing reconnaissance," Sheedy said, "lying flat on my belly on a little knoll, when a whizzing went between my shoulder blades and out through my sidearms. 'Jesus!' I said to the guy lying next to me, 'I got hit with something.' 'Yeh,' he said, 'I seen it.' It was a machine-gun bullet, and I bled a little, you understand, and got black and blue, but wasn't really hurt. Later that day we captured two four-inch naval guns the Japs had placed on the field; they used them for artillery and anti-aircraft. By the twenty-eighth we had seized the Buna field and were headed for the coast, forcing the Japs to turn their de-

fenses round from the sea and face us."

I offered Corporal Sheedy a cigarette, which he insisted upon lighting himself. As he struck the match and cupped his bandaged hand against the wind, a thin, dark-complexioned boy walked over and sat on the grass beside us. Sheedy introduced him as his buddy, Private Johnny Venezia, of Perth Amboy, who had recently received a back injury at a training camp. "Make him tell about his transfusion, about the plasmic," Johnny said to me, rolling over on his stomach.

"It's *plasma*, not plasmic, and I'm coming to it," said Sheedy, pushing his hat back further on his head. "We killed lots of Japs on December 28, and cut off a bunch and sort of forgot about them, I guess," he said. "That night I was in charge of a guard post, it wasn't anything but a field telephone with sixteen men and six wounded nearby. Around nine that cut-off bunch ambushed us, first screeching from the woods, which always means Japs, and then the screeches became hollers, and suddenly they leaped without making a sound. Japs were all over, must have been thirty or forty of them, and I fired three clips with my tommy gun — that's sixty rounds — before a gre-

nade burst in front of me and tossed me back twelve feet and made me numb all over. Broke both legs and knocked the gun from my hand, but I was numb, you understand, so I crawled back toward the gun. Just then a machine gun bullet hit the bone of my ear and bounced off through the lobe. Made me dizzy and I saw stars but I reached the gun and fired half a clip more at the bastards and then the gun fell from my hand and I couldn't move a muscle; no pain yet, you understand, but I couldn't budge. Japs were bayoneting and stabbing everything on the ground, but I lay still and held my breath and prayed, and the Japs passed by. They killed eleven of our men."

Sheedy rubbed his bandaged arm.

"The stitches itch," he said. "Well, I lay there about five minutes and suddenly two Americans raced down the path, following the telephone wire, so I called and one grabbed me by the right arm, which was O.K., and the other by the left shoulder of my jacket, as my left arm was all shot, and they dragged me down the trail. A minute later they spied a Jap, all by himself, so they shot him. I was numb, you understand, still numb, and worried about that lost gun and a revolver I had dropped dur-

ing the battle. I kept thinking, God! if I only had a gun. Those fellows got me back to our lines but there weren't any docs there; they were all at battalion headquarters, three hundred yards away, with fighting going on. When it got daylight somebody took me on a litter to headquarters, to a first aid station in a pillbox. I'd lost lots of blood and was groggy so don't remember much, except that a captain, damned nice fellow, sprinkled sulfa on the wounds and dressed them, and gave me morphine. That quieted me down, and a few minutes later four men carried me to a portable hospital three miles away, in a big squad tent with an emergency operating room. Docs gave me more morphine, redressed the wounds, and put a splint on the right leg and a cast on the left. The left had a compound fracture, somebody said. About two hours later natives carried me to another portable hospital two miles away and loaded me onto a peep."

Private Venezia rolled over and stared at Sheedy.

"You mean jeep, not peep," he said.

"I mean peep," said Sheedy firmly.

"You're back in the States now," said Venezia, "and the term is *jeep*."

II

Sheedy was taken in the jeep — or peep — to a large hospital tent near Duborduro, where he stayed all night. By this time the numbness had worn away and he was in great pain, relieved to a large extent by successive doses of morphine. The next morning fourteen wounded, eight of them litter cases, were loaded onto a transport plane and flown back across the Owen Stanley Mountains to Port Moresby; the flight took forty-five minutes. Sheedy lay on the floor on his stretcher and saw nothing except the man lying beside him, who dozed peacefully. "Our pilot was so gentle we hardly knew we had started," Sheedy said. "When we landed there wasn't a bump, not a jar. The co-pilot came back two or three times and asked what was cooking, but everybody was comfortable, like a Pullman, and we didn't need anything."

At Moresby he was placed in an ambulance and taken to an evacuation hospital, also housed in a large tent. Sheedy, who had been quizzing his doctors from New Guinea to the District of Columbia, told me that small pieces of shrapnel in his stomach and legs were removed, with the aid of novocaine. To locate the shrapnel, small pins were placed

on his body; X-rays were then taken, and the shrapnel spotted in relation to the pins. Eight days later he was carried onto an Australian hospital ship headed for the continent, with a stop-over at Milne Bay to pick up more wounded. Less than two weeks and a good, long distance from the New Guinea battlefield, Sheedy found himself in a ward of a general hospital in Australia, a group of buildings which in pre-war days had been an agricultural college. Sheedy had gone into battle weighing 197 pounds. When he entered the hospital, his weight was down to 120.

Doctors operated first on his left arm, the nerve of which had been shattered by shrapnel, causing an internal hemorrhage. He also had a sacular aneurysm; that is, the artery bulged and a little sac had formed to one side, like a bump in a tire, into which the blood flowed as into a reservoir. Sheedy was under an anaesthetic for three hours while the artery was repaired. Several pieces of shrapnel, some half an inch in diameter, were removed from the arm. A week later Sheedy was again on the operating table, this time for the injured left ankle bone, which had a hole large enough for the surgeon to put his finger through.

"The doc cleaned away some

flesh, took out pieces of bone, and set the ankle," said Sheedy, lighting another cigarette. "As an infection had set in, he scraped that part and put sulfa powder and some vaseline gauze into the wound. Then he put a cast on the leg. I probably would have been O.K. if I hadn't come down the next morning with malaria, and 104° fever. I was so sick I just hung my head over the side of the bed. My resistance was all gone, and they gave me a transfusion from the blood bank. I could really feel the blood making me stronger and going all through me. Then for days and days they gave me quinine and atabrine for the malaria; the stuff made me dizzy and my ears rang, but I got a little stronger all the time. On March 8 I was still pretty weak, but they put me on a transport for the United States, and when I left the hospital one of the nurses said, 'I remember when you came in here, it was a Thursday, and I never thought you'd live.'" Sheedy smiled and adjusted his hat. "Gosh," said Private Venezia, "I didn't know it was that bad."

Except for two sub alerts, Sheedy said the trip home was uneventful. Troops had been carried to Australia on the boat, but it had been converted into a hospital ship for the return voyage. "I was in a room

like any hospital ward," Sheedy said, "and played lots of solitaire and poker, and took malaria pills. On board we had the crew of a torpedoed tanker as passengers, and each member of the crew was assigned as guard to a stretcher case, to help if subs came along. Life belts hung near all the beds. I was too weak to go on deck. Our transport officer was Lt. Colonel Walter Harrison; all the way over he was wonderful, brought me water and talked to me."

Corporal Sheedy settled himself more comfortably against the tree. "After I finally reached the East Coast I went to Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island," he said, "and, the first thing, I wrote my Pop that I was alive and back. He knew something had happened because I had written from Australia, but just said I was a little sick and nothing to worry about. I mailed the letter from Halloran air mail special delivery and three nights later I was called to the 'phone. They said it was long distance. I knew long distance meant Pop, and by the time I reached the 'phone I was shaking like a leaf and blubbering, I was so excited. Pop was blubbering, too, and I couldn't hear a word he said, and we just sat there crying into the 'phone, and finally I said, 'For God's sake, Pop,

hang up,' and he hung up. The next night he called again, and I was a *little* nervous, but he was still real excited and kept choking and coughing and saying, 'Irvin, I've something to ask you,' and I said, 'What's on your mind, Pop?' and he coughed and said, 'Irvin, have you got all your limbs?' and I told him I wasn't exactly the same but I had everything I started with."

III

Sheedy adjusted his hat. "I'm probably all through with operations now," he said, "but when I came here in April they took more shrapnel from my right arm. In May Captain Tanner went after the ankle, cleaning away bone and putting on this cast." He tapped the cast. "I can move every toe but the big one," Sheedy said, "and the doc says that will move soon. Then I'll walk again, except for a slight limp. Last week they did the final job on that nerve in my arm. Very tricky. Lt. Colonel Spurling operated; I was awake the whole time and we talked right along. He explained that the nerve had gone off the track and was headed in the wrong direction, so he lifted the whole thing from behind the elbow and brought it around to the front of the arm. Then he sewed me up with

twenty-five stitches. It's called transplantaⁿtion, and the Colonel says it's like moving one wire in a telephone cable from the top to the bottom." Sheedy held up his bandaged arm. "See, the hand's bent over now," he said, "but every day it's massaged with electrodes stuck on every muscle in the hand, and the juice turned on. Colonel Spurling says that by the time the nerve grows down to the hand, the muscles will be ready to receive it, and they'll make a connection. If I didn't have the massages the nerve would come along and there wouldn't be any muscles waiting for it, see? In six months, it'll be O.K."

Corporal Sheedy is being gradually fattened; he now weighs 170 pounds. "I eat three square meals a day," he said. A typical day's menu, he told me, consists of oranges, Farina, pancakes, bacon, toast and coffee for breakfast; for dinner, creole soup, steak with mushroom sauce, parsleyed potatoes, lima beans, lettuce and tomato salad, and ice cream; for supper, soup, cheese, potatoes, peas, jelly, bread and butter, apple pie, and milk. He's awake at six, with breakfast in bed at seven, followed by a bath, hand massages, and a visit from the doctors, who tour the wards. He spends most afternoons

in the sun. Evenings there are USO shows and movies at the Red Cross building on the grounds. "I haven't gambled since I hit Walter Reed," he said. "There's no percentage in it."

The men spend a good deal of time in long, involved discussions of global strategy; nobody in his ward doubts that we will win the war, and most of them, for some reason, expect a collapse in Japanese morale. Men in the wards rarely speak of their injuries; it's almost an unwritten rule, a decision of the men themselves. "Somebody started complaining the other morning, and practically everybody yelled at one time, 'Pipe down!' and he piped down," Sheedy said. "I've seen men with guts, but nothing like we've got here. There are fellows who can just barely get around in wheel chairs, but raise holy hell if anybody tries to help them; or like the pianist we've got—his hands were burned terribly, but he's playing again, a little each day. Things like that make you feel good inside."

Several weeks before I met him Sheedy had received his first pass since being wounded, a three-day leave. He and Venezia climbed into a cab and had three beers apiece at the 2400 Club, a genteel night spot not far from the hospital. Then

they caught a train for Perth Amboy and spent the week-end at the Venezias'. "Johnny got me a girl, a regular live wire," Sheedy said. "She dragged me all over town, to movies, beer joints, everywhere."

Private Venezia smiled at Sheedy. "That gal is really something," he said. "She would rather stay up all night than eat, and boy! does she love to eat!"

Venezia's mention of food reminded us that it was almost time for supper. The sun threw a rich golden color over the lawn. Soldiers were drifting toward the hospital; on the balconies, nurses briskly wheeled men inside. Sheedy stood up, placed his crutches under both arms, and hobbled across the lawn, Venezia and I beside him. "I'm going home soon on furlough," he said. "Maybe the Army will discharge me, but I'm afraid maybe they'll put me at a desk somewhere. I'd do better back fighting, because nothing much more could happen to me. It's like I wrote Pop when I first went overseas; I told him I had a funny feeling I'd get wounded but nothing serious. Japs can't kill me, I wrote; ten of those sonsofbitches are no match for one good Irishman."

"You bet," said Private Venezia.

Drawing Conclusions by PEGGY BACON

SENATORS IN THE POSTWAR DEBATE



TOM CONNALLY

Large, rosy head, recalling a Rowlandson yokel. Frayed corn-silk hair drooping indigently over top front, a bit tousled at rear, back to nature, gone to scrub, abandoned barn-yard style. Eye like one pea in a pod. Large simple ears. Rustic nose. Air of comfortable solidity similar to a setting hen. Alert, crafty, ready to haggle, suggesting a farmer at a fair selling a horse. Concentrated. Smart, wary, practical, devious, mistrustful of anything noble, pleasantly conscious of being nobody's fool. Good-natured, unshakable and limited.



JOSEPH H. BALL

A clout of shaggy, wolf-gray hair waving in front of a determined head, ducking like a boxer's. Big, permanent-looking frame, rustic, lumbering, serviceable, appears to be carrying a trunk on his back. Eyes fixed discerningly on that cloud of dust in the distance; ready to defend the home-cave with his stone hatchet against approaching foes. Voice deep, slightly smothered, thick sounds struggling up through layers of horse-blankets. Personality historic, traditional, granitic, recalling the annals of mankind. Reliable and adaptable as a Cro-Magnon man.

► *Information and advice for
Americans who look South.*

OPPORTUNITIES IN LATIN AMERICA

BY VIRGINIA PREWETT

A POSTWAR rush to Latin America, a new land of opportunity, is in the making. Word has come out that great business and economic developments are due for the Latin American countries, and enterprising Americans everywhere are already making plans to get in on the big boom. Among them are many thousands of soldiers in uniform, who even now dream fondly of the fortunes to be made below the Rio Grande when battle days are over.

The "Go South, Young Man" idea is not new. There have been past waves of enthusiasm in this country, and Latin America has seen more than one boom that fizzled out before it ever got started.

Is a new era actually about to begin, or will our Southern neighbors (as many old-timers argue) always be countries with a

wonderful "future" that never materializes? Even if it is the real thing this time, can our ex-privates and corporals push off with a few thousand dollars and expect to roll up a fortune?

At fashionable bars in Mexico, Chile or Panama, you will hear tall tales of how this or that one did it. But when you dig into the details, country by country, this fact emerges: 90 per cent of the Americans who are business successes in Latin America today are with big American organizations. Most of them are with mining, oil, meat-packing, telephone, cable, fruit, power and light companies, or with air lines, ship lines, branch banks, assembly plants and sales agencies. They are managers, technicians, salesmen.

Some of these have gone into business for themselves and done

VIRGINIA PREWETT, who conducts a column on Latin American affairs in the *Washington Post*, writes in connection with this article: "I've followed this story through fourteen Latin American countries and have kept up with every development since then." Miss Prewett is a Tennessean, whose travels have taken her to France, Spain and every corner of the Western hemisphere. Her book, *Reportage on Mexico*, was published in 1941. A second, on our Latin American relations, will appear soon.

well. Bob Dougherty, who went to Venezuela a number of years ago with Pan American Airways, started a small rope factory there in the late 1930's. Today this plant is making all the rope and twine Venezuela uses. William Magner went to Colombia with a fruit company in the 1920's, and started out on his own when he had learned his way around. Today he has a substantial fortune built on a thriving brokerage business. Ken Schliker went to Bolivia in 1935 to take charge of radio operations for Bolivian airlines. With a Bolivian partner, he started a radio station in Cochabamba in 1939. Today it is one of the best in that part of South America.

Here and there you find men who have made direct starts. Ervin Mischner went to Ecuador in the early 1930's and started buying Panama hats to export here. With his brother Jack, he later developed a flourishing business in Colombia as exporter's agent selling United States goods. Kenneth Murray, then not long out of law school, went to Mexico in 1940 to look around.

After exploring possibilities of mica in Oaxacan jungles, he interested an American group in setting up a company. Today he is in charge of mining and splitting sub-

stantial quantities of this needed war material.

But in late years these have been the exception rather than the rule. The last rush Southward was during the boom era of the 1920's. When depression hit, capital quit going into Latin America, opportunities vanished and development stopped. Since then, most countries have made it difficult for foreigners to come in to stay unless they have a good deal of capital or a previous connection with a company operating there. Moreover, American companies have increasingly been forced to employ larger numbers of Latin Americans.

Does this mean that the "Go South" idea is only a fantasy after all? The answer is contained in the fact that Latin America has grown up in the past two decades, and will no longer tolerate buck-eye adventurers.

Anyone with romantic notions about popping down for a few years to acquire a deep tan, a beautiful foreign wife and enough money to build a big house with a swimming pool in Center City had better forget all about it. There will be opportunities — but for Americans who are fitted to take their place in an entirely new scheme of things that our Southern neighbors have gotten under way.

II

Latin American countries are organized economically to sell raw materials to the outside world, and to import made goods. They learned bitter lessons in the depression, when they lost world markets and no longer had money for imports. One by one, they tried to put their national housekeeping in better order. But without capital, they could do little.

The Second World War has changed this. Along with our extensive construction of New World defenses, during the past few years, we loaned these countries funds with which to start national improvements. We have poured in more money and technicians, since Pearl Harbor, to step up output of raw materials and to develop new products formerly imported from Asia. To speed up transportation of war materials, we are helping to improve harbors, airports and railroads. We are backing new mines and processing plants for war ores. Joint campaigns against disease and malnutrition had to be started to protect labor supply.

All of this is forcing the start of a new cycle of development. War has made Latin Americans even more improvement-conscious than they were before. Our purchases of

war materials are giving them huge credit balances. Refugee capital has flooded in. They will have money to spend, and their plans for the future are being dovetailed into our own plans for the postwar economic shift to peace.

Latin America wants to hold on to these new gains. Countries like Brazil will make a strong effort to retain home markets taken from Europe during the war. They also want to hold new United States markets for non-competitive exports. Mexico has been struggling for years to improve agriculture, and President Camacho now puts industrialization as second goal after their war effort. Chile set up a development commission in 1939 and borrowed Export-Import funds to start building electric power plants. Venezuela has a housing and farm improvement program, and wants industries. Peru is not only building roads and hotels for future tourist trade, but expects to start a steel industry. Many countries have plans for inaugurating light manufacturing.

Most development is at present being held up unless it contributes directly to winning the war. But it is not vague paper planning. Thousands of applications for machinery and supplies are piled up in Washington today. Hundreds of

projects are started. In every Latin American country, government officials and business men are working with our people on them. The last shot of the war will be a starting gun for an era of growth such as Latin America has never known.

But individual Americans who want to be a part of this era must remember that it is *development* Latin America wants. To get in on it, they must be prepared to bring something to it. Latin Americans have had their fingers burned by wave after wave of bonanza boys. When foreigners come in to take as much as possible and leave as little as possible, Latin Americans call it "exploitation" — and they do not intend to let this happen again.

Brazil, for example, has blazed a trail in the new type of self-improvement under way to the South of us. They welcome United States capital and technical skills. But their directing leaders have told me time and again: "We don't want foreigners to come in to do things unless we can't do them ourselves." They stress two points: Americans should come to stay, learn the language and make themselves a part of the country's life. Second, American industries must not try to establish a monopoly. Brazilians don't want invading foreign firms

to hire up the trained labor at better pay, get a stranglehold on raw materials, and then just sit on the market. They believe there is room, too, for competition and development of home industries.

Mexicans make it clear that they do not want foreign money for good-time industries, nor do they want money looking for bonanza profits. Officials now shaping the postwar program have emphasized to me that they do not want old plants which will not be efficient enough to stand the gaff of competition.

Yet all this should not discourage Americans looking South. Much needs to be done there, and the list of skills and enterprises that they do genuinely want is long. First, Latin America has barely begun to tackle its communications problem. Air cargo shipping is the answer to long-haul transportation over its vast distances and high mountains. Air freight got an early start there, and war has stepped this up. Plans are under way to expand tremendously after the war.

But air transport is by no means the whole answer. Latin America is today only beginning to get main trunk roads that unite seacoast with mountain region, capital with hinterland. As national and in-

ternational air transport increases, feeder roads for airports will have to be built. In the Amazon valley — an area bigger than the United States, and one that includes the richest frontiers of seven South American countries — water transportation will feed airports.

For this, Latin America will need engineers, air transport experts, Diesel engine specialists. It will need construction machinery of all kinds, engines, planes, motors and ship fittings. All these they will have to import — and can import from us.

Latin America's next step in development is the war on disease and malnutrition. Our government is helping them to get started on this, as part of the common war effort. But what is being done today is only a beginning. Latin American countries plan to go forward under their own steam after the war. They will need people to train agricultural experts and sanitary engineers. They will build sewage systems, water systems, town meat refrigeration plants. They will need to import the know-how and the equipment — and we can supply them.

Since few Latin American countries have coal, they are anxiously awaiting peace to build up their electric power resources. This

means motive power for new plants; but it also means that they can use many more electrical instruments, machines and appliances. As a result, there will be opportunity for us to sell and install power plants and power systems. Cheap power will not only permit factories to start, but will also encourage the home use of electric irons, radios, refrigerators and the business use of mixing machines, electric meat cutters, cash registers — a hundred and one products that Latin American now does not use.

Plants that Latin American countries want fall into two main classes. First are factories that make articles people use in everyday life. Only the larger countries, such as Brazil, Mexico and Argentina, come anywhere near supplying their own needs of these things, and even they still import a great deal.

Latin America will want plants to make cotton suiting, rayon cloth, stockings and sandals. They need leather tanning factories and shoe factories. They want to make paper bags, cartons, wrapping paper, stationery. They need cement plants so that building will not be so costly. Every country wants tire factories, and the larger ones need plants to make caustic soda for use in many industries. They want drugs and medicines made at home

so that the lower cost will permit more people to use them. There is a demand for plants to pasteurize milk, dehydrate fruit, make candy, cheese and vegetable lard. Fish and vegetable canning is virtually unknown in Latin America, and many countries import the bulk of their flour.

The larger countries want blast furnaces, rolling mills, wire mills. They want factories to make hardware, nails, tiles, pipes, wallboard, plumbing fixtures, electric light fixtures — all the materials needed in building. They want plants to make tools.

The smaller countries still import the greater part of their needs such as soap, candles and kitchen utensils. Here the plants required would be smaller, and the articles they made simpler. An American with the idea of going in to set up such a plant should first of all be very sure that his prospective market both demands and is able to buy his product.

Larger countries where there is already a good deal of manufacturing have to import great quantities of semi-manufactured goods. These nations want industries that will "integrate" their industrial life. This means new plants that will fill in steps in manufacturing. For example, Mexico knits rayon

cloth but does not make cellulose. They have plenty of lumber and a furniture industry, yet must import high-grade plywood for furniture making. They have copper mines and copper smelters; but they must import copper wire, used in a hundred ways. They mine lead and have automobile battery factories, yet must import both the lead and copper fixtures that go on batteries.

Another field in process manufacturing has been opened by new war exports now being developed in Latin America. Mexico, for instance, has fine lumber; but some of the wood has not been properly handled in seasoning, and has not stood the test. They will have to import the know-how to set this and other new non-competitive export industries on a sound basis.

It should be remembered, finally, that only Brazil — which has forty-two million people — is attempting anything like heavy industry. The home markets of the other countries are far too small to make it feasible.

III

There are distinct opportunities for Americans who have a substantial capital, and who know how to set up and operate one of these

small plants that Latin America needs. Unless he has these, however, the best way for an American to get to Latin America is still to go with one of the big American companies. As development gets under way, Latin America will bring in American companies to help them build roads, power plants, bridges, dams and irrigation systems. There will be increased openings, besides, in aviation, engineering, banking, and particularly in selling American machinery and appliances.

Some new large plants will be built by American capital and technicians. A pattern of this is International General Electric's plan to invest ten million dollars in Brazil. They will enlarge their electric light bulb factory at Rio de Janeiro, and build a big factory at São Paulo to make motors and assemble appliances from this country.

Once an individual has learned the ropes, found his place and saved capital, he can find his own opening. Latin America has few service stations, soda fountains, cleaning establishments, garages, truck lines or radio repair businesses. The field of service enterprises, in other words, is wide open. On the other hand, if you have a good deal of capital or are one of a group that

has capital, the most successful plan is to find the opportunity and then find a Latin American partner or partners to go in with you.

This is best for two main reasons: first, a Latin American partner automatically disarms the charge that you have come to prosper on, instead of with, the country; second, Americans will need all the advice and guidance they can get. Politics, law and business are very closely tied together in Latin American countries. Unless you have a good grasp of the involved political and legal background, you will find it hard to succeed. The Latin American partner can bring this knowledge to the combination. The American can bring the managerial knowledge and technical experience.

The individual American must remember another important rule before he prepares to take a Southward plunge. He must discard, once and for all, any preconceived ideas about the superiority of American ways and American people. He must be ready to accept the customs and conditions of the country where he goes, and to fit himself into their social as well as their business life.

Above all, the prospective American settler should first talk to other Americans who have had

actual experience in the country where he plans to go. If he can make a trip down there to look things over, so much the better. If not, he should apply to sources in this country.

The Department of State, the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and the Department of Commerce are obvious sources. Next, American firms operating internationally have head offices where there are men who know Latin America well. In addition, the United States Development Commission has recently been formed to work with Latin American country commissions through the over-all parent body, the Inter-American Development Commission.

The Office of Foreign Investment Information is being set up in Washington as outlet for information. Located in the Export-Import Bank offices, it has advisers from the Department of State, the Department of Commerce, the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, the Export-Import Bank, and the Inter-American Development Commission. Its function is not to get jobs or give out trade statements, but to provide general information about investment possibilities.

Latin America's intricate laws

make it not only advisable but also necessary for prospective emigrants to obtain a great deal of specific information. They still have restrictions against foreigners working within their boundaries. The trend is to relax these in the war emergency, but the laws are still on the books and must be taken into account. While it would be to their advantage to let down the bars after the war, many Latin Americans shiver a little at the suggestion. From past experience, they still tend to look upon a wave of foreigners as they would upon a swarm of locusts.

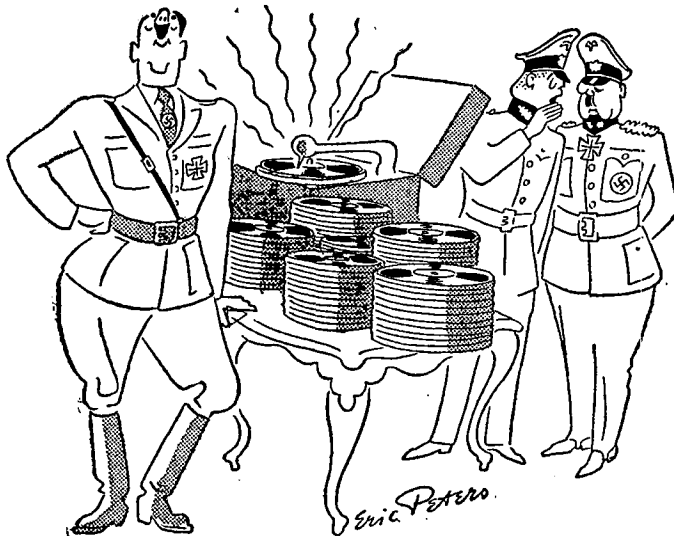
Whether they do let down the bars depends to a great extent upon us. If we repeat the old pattern of "exploitation," opportunities will narrow. On the other hand, they will want more of us if Americans who go there bring something with them, and make themselves sincerely a part of the country, as did our own European ancestors who came here seeking opportunity.

An American who goes South and does make good with the Latin Americans stands to gain two things. He will reap business success for himself, and he will have a chance to take part in making Latin America economically strong. The lessons of the Second World War

have already taught us that we need strong, economically developed friends in the South. No one expects our problems in Europe and Asia to end when the shooting stops. It is national policy now to strengthen our New World neighbors in every way we can. Their extreme dependence on European markets and manufactured goods exposed them to Nazi politico-economic penetration long before

the war. The record proves that our trade with developed countries is greater than with backward nations.

We therefore have both a political and an economic reason for wanting to see Latin America develop. The American emigrant who contributes to this, even if he eventually changes to a new citizenship, will still be serving this nation's interest.



"When he gets worried and depressed, he just plays back some of his own speeches"

CLINICAL NOTES

WORLD PRODUCTION AND POSTWAR PLANNING

THE world is plunged in a nightmare of destruction. Perhaps a third of Soviet Russia's industrial establishment is in ruins. Estimates of German industrial capacity knocked out from the skies are as high as 20 per cent. Plants in Italy, France, and other Hitler-held areas are being systematically razed.

Yet total *world production* today, in the fifth year of conflict, is considerably higher than before the war. This astounding fact is explained in the first place, of course, by the expansion of American production. New industrial capacity in the United States is greater than all that has been demolished elsewhere. Though the most furious stage of annihilation is still ahead of us, we can forecast definitely a greater over-all productive capacity when the war is ended than in 1939.

The miracle of American industry has been attested in many ways. But this one fact that its growth outweighs the total destruction in the most destructive war in history probably offers the most dramatic

testimony of all. It is a fact, moreover, which will have far-reaching consequences in relation to postwar economic problems.

It is estimated that at the outbreak of the war almost 40 per cent of world production was concentrated in the USA. By this time more than *half* the aggregate production is centered here, and within a year American industrial capacity will be at least one-third larger than it was when the war was launched in Europe. The figure is on the conservative side, when we note the Federal Reserve Board statement, in October, that the output of American factories and mines had risen 130 per cent since September 1939; or the Department of Commerce estimate of 188 billion dollars national income of 1943, compared with 88 billions in 1939.

Industrial demolition in German-dominated Europe has been placed by the British Ministry of Economic Warfare at from 15 to 20 per cent. Intensified aerial bombing and possible invasions may double the figure by the time

surrender is achieved, so that industry in continental Europe will stand at a level about a third below the pre-war years. Roughly, the same decline will hold true for Russia. This country has suffered the greatest devastation of all, but some of this was made up for by the forced tempo of expansion in the Urals and other regions removed from the enemy's reach. Even if more pessimistic estimates should come true, and Russia loses half its industrial plant, the effect on the world total will not be serious. The Soviet share in world production before the war was 12 per cent, so that a 50 per cent reduction means only 6 per cent in world terms.

American pre-war output was as large as that of all Europe, including Russia but not counting the British Isles. A one-third rise in the United States will therefore balance fully a one-third decline in continental Europe and Russia. To clinch the matter, there is the fact that output in England, too, is above pre-war levels — already the growth is about 15 per cent and soon it will be 25 per cent. Industrial expansion has also been registered in the British Empire, especially Canada, India and Australia. Japan is likely to suffer heavy industrial wreckage before the story is fully told, but since its share in world production

was never more than 5 per cent, even the most thorough annihilation will not affect the over-all statistical picture.

Looking upon the grim ruins of European and Russian cities, most people regard the task of physical reconstruction as a long-term undertaking. The truth, however, is that because of the stepped-up productive capacity of the world as a whole the job should be completed in two or three years, as compared with the five to six years required after the first World War. This means that the world will possess, within two or three years after peace is attained, a productive set-up far greater than before the war, which must somehow be put to peace-time production to head off catastrophic unemployment and other economic dislocations.

Too much of the postwar planning assumes a long period of reconstruction work. As an economist and statistician I venture to warn that the period will be brief, and plans based on any other assumption will be thrown out of gear.

—FRITZ STERNBERG

UTOPIANS

IT is a pity, and a token of our dis-jointed times, that the noble word "utopian" has lost caste, along with related words like "vi-

sionary" and "idealist." Men, it seems, would rather be accused of perjury or counterfeiting than of utopianism, and anyone whose imaginative talents pluck the epithet "visionary" threatens to sue for libel. "Who, me? Why, I'm more practical than you are." Admissions of a weakness for idealism are more rare and more flushed with embarrassment than confession of addiction to narcotics.

All of which is surprisingly strange, considering that we live by the light of prophets and seers who were all, in their way, utopians and visionaries. If we credit Webster's assurance that the utopian is "one who believes in the perfectibility of human society," the increasingly current use of the word in disparagement is really an insult to the memory of Moses and Christ and Buddah and all those divine or mortal philosophers who, through the ages, have hoped and striven and died to save mankind. Had they considered the goal beyond achievement, would they have made such enormous efforts to reach it?

Perhaps utopians are in such black disrepute because so many of them, in our generation, have not been content to preach and exhort, but have reached out for power to enforce their visions right

here and now. Too many of them, to put the matter indelicately, have sought to be President or succeeded in being Vice-President. A visionary in the pulpit or on a soap-box is one thing; the same man equipped with an army, a Gestapo, a GPU or other means of imposing happiness on the unwilling or unready is quite another thing. For the chief utility of the utopian and dreamer is as a goad and a pacesetter; one who leads far, far in advance of the human parade and not one who drives self-righteously from behind.

—E. L.

HORRORS OF PROGRESS

WHETHER the unspeakable present, for all its horrors and manifestations of universal human idiocy, may not be preferable to the brave new world of the future as it is painted in forecast by scientific writers and institutional advertising copy writers is, of course, something for the individual to determine. But for me it is pretty nearly a toss-up. One moment I am of a mind that no conceivable price would be too great to pay to get people to stop shooting at each other, and the next I am given pause in my sentiments by an advertisement of an electrical manufacturing company announcing: "In a few years buses

will have telephones." The circumstance that there will be buses at all or that any one will have to ride in them is enough of a threat against sanity, but that while riding across, say, the California desert a passenger will be available to any one who wants to pick up a telephone in Antofagasta or Nome and get him on the line simply causes reason to totter on its W. and J. Sloane throne.

This, of course, is an extreme example of the unmentionable infamies which science and progress hold in store, but there are scores of others: The Pullman Company promises a "duplex-roomette" sleeping car which will be a vast advance, lethally speaking, on the various mantraps now employed in overnight travel; the electric advertising signs on Broadway are to have four and five minute plots; instead of wood, steel, glass and other accustomed substances, everything is going to be made of something called plastics. To maintain the household of the future, with its three motorcars in every icebox — in running shape — one will retain not a staff of domestics but a trained group of radar technicians; and for such immeasurably complex functions as airing the dog and retrieving the mail from the postbox there will be engineers

with diplomas from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And the developments in the fields of electronics and air transport simply won't bear contemplation unless you are the sort of person who admires street accidents.

There is, however, one hope of averting the universal calamity suggested by these promises that every aspect of life will be more spurious, phony and debased than it already has been rendered by science and that human intelligence, resourcefulness and imagination will be lowered even beyond their current murderous status to one of minus nil. The men who come home from the wars may be so tired of getting themselves killed by the complex devisings of progress that they will prefer to try to keep alive by the simpler devisings of common sense. There is a chance yet for the stone coal furnace, the refrigerator with ice in it and food that will be eaten three times a day in the form of food instead of six months in advance in the form of capsules.

—LUCIUS BEEBE

CULTURE AND POLITICS

THOSE opposed to fascism and Nazism often point to the paucity of cultural products in Hitler Germany and Mussolini

Italy as proof of their degradation, and to the alleged abundance of such products in contemporary Russia as proof of its high standing as a civilized state. Aside from the grave doubts one has regarding the value of Shostakovich's music and Mayakovsky's poems, to mention only two of the most touted of Russia's contributions to arts and letters, the facts of history do not support any such coupling of politics and culture. Despotisms have produced some of the greatest works of art known to man, while democracies have frequently had very little to show.

England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a monarchy with almost absolute powers, the King and the hereditary House of Lords having the final say in nearly all matters of life and death. Yet the same England produced Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, John Milton, Robert Boyle, Christopher Wren and dozens of other giants of the mind and spirit. The darkest days of Czarist tyranny in Russia brought forth Pushkin, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Chekov, Mendeleyef,

Pavlov, Mussorgsky — all the great we associate with Russian culture. On the other hand, Switzerland, a democracy for some 700 years, has very little to show save a few divines like Calvin (who was born a Frenchman) and Carl Spitteler, the only Swiss to win a Nobel Prize in literature — and hardly to be ranked among the truly monumental writers of the twentieth century. Again, consider New Zealand, perhaps the most democratic of all the British colonies and among the most democratic in the whole world. Who reads novels or poems by New Zealanders?

In the case of the Scandinavian countries, there is an obvious and considerable parallelism between progressive government and a high degree of culture. But that fact proves little; it only complicates the whole problem. Surely democracy is the most civilized form of government, but all one can say with certainty is that the culture of a people is determined by many other factors beside the form of government under which it flourishes.

—C. A.



*T*HERE is more wisdom in public opinion than is to be found in Napoleon, Voltaire, or all the ministers of state, present or to come.

C. M. TALLEYRAND

► *A fine American poet under
indictment as a traitor —*

THE CASE OF EZRA POUND

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

A POET, but long desirous of leading poets and dictating to men; a propagandist first for poetry and later for the Social Credit System, Ezra Pound finally has been indicted for treason to the United States. For twenty years a resident of Italy, he has openly been a convert to Fascism since 1936, when, in his booklet *Jefferson and/or Mussolini*, he proclaimed Mussolini the embodiment of Jefferson's political ideals. Before Pearl Harbor he began speaking over the radio in a spirit unfriendly to us. Since that date — until Mussolini's fall — he has continued voicing his sentiments over the air. Listeners-in on the Rome radio got the impression that he was speaking in a cryptic language reminiscent of that of James Joyce in *Finnegan's Wake*. But among his constant audience has been the FBI, and it appears the office has succeeded in interpreting this mysterious, pri-

vate language of his and made a sense of it not altogether healthy for Ezra.

He is clearly Fascism's great prize among the American intellectuals. And many persons have been asking, and many more are certain to ask: What kind of a first-rate intellectual is this American, to whom the fantastic business of adherence to that assassin of human liberty, Il Fascismo, did not seem monstrous and impossible? What manner of man, indeed, is the fine poet, Ezra Pound?

By way of an answer to this question, the present writer begs leave to introduce a personal impression of the poet. It dates from the Anglo-American Paris of the early 1920's. On the evening of my arrival in that city, sitting behind the privet-hedge of a small restaurant in the Latin Quarter, I became aware of something slightly disturbing on the sidewalk. This

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was a tall individual in the later thirties who, while obviously an Englishman or an American, appeared to have stepped straight out of the opera *La Bohème*. A swarthy sombrero covered his head. The collar of his Wotan-blue shirt lay widely open on the lapels of his coat, which had a good English cut, setting off a ruddy, well-trimmed beard. He sported a cane. Resembling the 1830 artists in Puccini's opera, he also resembled a Norse pirate, but an ornamental Norseman, who infrequently had been to sea. His glance, as momentarily he lingered, took in the diners: not, however, it seemed to me, so much in order to gather their identities as to gather the impression he was making.

Two days after there was a knock on the door of my hotel room. In the corridor stood my old friend Sherwood Anderson, who with his wife was occupying a room on a lower floor, and incidentally seeing something of the English and American men-of-letters in Paris. "Come on down," said he. "Ezra Pound is here." Willingly I accepted. Some years previously there had come into my hands a much-remarked book of original verse, called *Provence*, the work of a student of romance philology from Idaho, Ezra Loomis Pound,

who had gone abroad in 1906 and remained in Venice, Paris and London. The contents of the volume largely were dramatic monologues descended from Browning's famous ones. But the personages addressing the reader were troubadours of the period when the love of beauty awoke in the South of France from its deep sleep during the dark ages. The diction was *recherchée*, emphatically archaic and Anglo-French. Some poems even were couched in poetic forms employed by the provençal minstrels but never hitherto used in English. Among these were the aubade and the canzone. A flowering period sunken these last six hundred years breathed again through the performance.

II

Since then, Pound had become a champion of modern art. In London, onwards from 1912 he had assumed the leadership of Imagism, the first artistic movement in England to succeed that of the nineties and *The Yellow Book*. Characterized by its search for words and expressions which create images, the movement was an off-shoot of French Symbolism; yet it made English poetry fine art once more. It liberated prosody; expelled com-

monplaces and grandiloquence from phraseology; brought back precision of language, concreteness of vision, concentration of thought.

But down on the second floor of the small Parisian hotel, Sherwood Anderson opened the door to his room. There by the table sat my Rudolpho of the Boulevard St. Germain. It had been Ezra Pound. The man, as we talked with him, proved attractive enough. He had dash and experience. His synthetic vocabulary; his phraseology's fullness of literary color; his elocutionary manner — that of an improved Shakespearean barnstormer — were almost wonderful. He seemed pleased with existence, affable, clever, communicative — quite the opposite of poor James Joyce, who had been polite, dismal, austere and remote. But a literary dandyism grew plain.

The social dandy is of course a graceful, charming individual whose grace and charm draw attention to themselves and betray the satisfaction of a vanity. The literary dandy is his counterpart on the intellectual plane. Thus, Pound gave evidence of a desire to please and simultaneously to dazzle. Detecting my interest in music, he volunteered a little talk on the way in which the troubadours notated the melodies to which they intoned

their verses. Growing egotistic, again and again his conversation displayed his self-satisfaction. "What are you working on now, Mr. Pound?" inquired Tennessee Anderson. "Dante composed the Poem of Faith. I am writing the Poem of Doubt," said he. The poem he thus modestly compared to the *Divine Comedy* was his amorphous *Cantos*. Pleasantly he added, "I'm also composing an opera. That is, I have an idea for the melodic line, and am thinking of going out to see a friend, to ask whether he can fill it in for me."

It was sheer folly. In good music, melody, rhythm and harmony are inseparable; either born together or not at all. But Pound was serious.

I liked him better on a later occasion, in the little restaurant on the Boulevard. His English wife was with him, and his sprightly little mother-in-law, a Mrs. Shakespeare. Jovially he turned himself into a handbook for the American traveller. He waxed amusingly satiric over literary London. But his arrogance grew plain again. To Paris recently there had come a young English author, begloomed by a domestic catastrophe. And Pound felt called upon to boast "R — has come over to Paris just to sit at *my* feet." The last view

I had of him was in the Champs Elysees. In a *fiacre* trotting up the stately avenue, reclined a lanky figure suggestive of an Egyptian pharaoh taking the air. Outspread, the man's arms rigidly rested on the wagon's lowered hood. His bearded head lay back, facing the clouds. Of course it was Pound.

III

And my reason for trotting out these somewhat less than melodramatic pictures? It is the fact that they succinctly give the answer to our problem: what manner of intellectual, what manner of man is Ezra Pound? The answer is: a bit of a literary actor and peacock. The histrionic and dandified traits imprinted on these memories indeed are of the essence of the man and characteristic of his work. Certainly he is highly talented. He has a mind; the ability to act and execute.

He is a master of verbal and metrical expression. His visual and acoustic sensitivity is exquisite. His verse is wonderfully lean, clean-cut, packed, intense: supple in rhythm and style; sometimes gracefully, sometimes fiercely, but always clearly expressive of agreeable or disagreeable sensations through sharp vivid images. For

all its shapeliness, it nonetheless achieves deep meaning and moves the reader mainly in instances where Pound has merged his personality in that of former poets and adopted their language and thought — as in *Provence*, or in his paraphrases of the Anglo-Saxon *Seafarer*, the elegies of Propertius, the water-color-like poems of the old Chinese. Certainly the significations of his directly lyrical poems of the London period, say the gay, satiric epigrams, are fairly trivial. To achieve self-expression, we mean, Pound always has had to wear a costume, to enact some rôle proposed to him by other minds.

And all his work has called attention to himself. Naturally, every lyric poet conveys his own emotions; and the work of many a great writer has been an almost unbroken autobiography. But this lyricism is not the subject of our reference. Rather it is the fact that, ever a bit of a smart-aleck, Pound has preened and swaggered in his poetry. To Ford Maddox Ford he once remarked, "What the public wants, is Me, because I am not an imbecile like the component members of the public," and he has conformed to this idea with exceeding narrowness. His poetry and prose are frequently humorous; but they are mannered, never conceal

art, and persistently and complacently have brought us face to face with the personality of Ezra Pound frequently represented as that of a selfless champion and martyr of pure art and a sage of social economy in the footsteps of Major Douglas. No object sufficiently has awakened humility in him, not even the literature he has loved.

Not that this dandyism sets him in a necessarily frivolous class of artists. Byron, too, was a self-worshipper. So also was Whistler, and Oscar Wilde.

But, it may be asked: granting the histrionic character and self-complacency of Fascism's outstanding American recruit, can any connection be thought to exist between them and his Fascism? Can either the actor's psychology, or elated vanity, be considered the cause of his adherence to that sorry system? Now, the source of Pound's fantastic, horrid act indubitably is a complex one; he pretends it was entirely disinterestedness and social-economic philosophy. Conceivably, a contempt for the facile, opportunistic Marxism of so many English and American writers may have been a part of it. To ourselves, nonetheless, the man's histrionic temperament and foolish vanity,

do seem possible, unconscious motives. Fascism, like the Social Credit movement before, may well have interested him as another of the external ideas able, as it were, to provide him with an intellectual costume and a rôle to play. Simultaneously it may have proffered itself to him as a means of displaying his self-esteem. All dandies feel themselves superior to humanity; and the special reverence which Pound all along has been demanding of his compatriots had materialized to but a small degree. And Fascism opposed the democratic sentiment that all men should be free; fundamentally are equal; that humanity is a whole formed in the Creator's likeness. It claimed to be a government of the élite, the socially and intellectually superior.

Publicly to espouse Fascism thus was simultaneously to acquire a new rôle permissive of expression, and to associate oneself conspicuously with "the few," to attest belief in the hypothesis of "the superior man," to defy and humiliate the recalcitrant democratic public.

For these reasons, we think, Pound took the jump: in any case, for the present it does seem the part of charity to assume these were his motives, and no others.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Champion Turkeys of Twenty-five Years

SOME of the happiest memories one has of the theatre have been inspired by its worst plays. Not by its simply bad plays, but by its top-notch, incontrovertible, authentic stinkers. Whereas a simply bad play tires one to death, a down-right, unrelieved, Grade-A hambust often provides a species of corned enjoyment whose rosemary permeates one down the long years, for when you come right down to it there is little so waywardly piquant as the spectacle of a playwright and a stageful of actors making utter and beautiful asses of themselves.

The current season has thus far withheld any such pure boon, although it came within hailing distance in something called *Victory Belles*. But *Victory Belles* just wasn't polecat enough; about every twenty-five minutes or so it became for a second or two almost endurable. The true turkey is more consistent.

Thinking back over a quarter of a century's playgoing, however, the connoisseur of the bishop's-nose drama has small cause for

complaint. In that period there has been a sufficiency of the 16-karat fowl to satisfy the most scrupulous snob, and I have had the signal honor and pleasure of sampling the lot. But out of the ample quota there were two or three that must be listed as heavyweight champions, plays so ludicrously inept and the actors in them such unspeakable porks that the evenings became matchlessly hilarious.

There was, for example, a rare number labeled *Love's Call*. The *chef d'oeuvre* of one Joe Byron Totten, it greeted the world in September 1925 and no one who saw it in its few days' run will ever forget it. Played in front of scenery described as Guadalharra, Mexico, but evidently retrieved from some earlier exhibit whose locale was Fairbanks, Alaska, its hero was programmed as a handsome American, impersonated by a very fat actor in white skintights and a ten-gallon white sombrero, named Clyde Wilson Harrison. This Clyde Wilson Harrison

(he was thus in full address throughout the evening by everyone who spoke of or to him) met up with a saucy package hight Piquita, impersonated by an actress with a thick Polish accent, while promenading the Guadalharra-Fairbanks boulevards and gave her the high sign. "Me love handsome American Clyde Wilson Harrison," allowed Piquita, coyly eating a rose. "Me love beautiful Piquita, *ma chérie*, too," allowed Clyde Wilson Harrison; "but me engaged to Sue Gertrude Madison, too."

Time passed, and again the juicy twain met, now in what was designated "The Devil's Pass." Here Clyde Wilson Harrison and his fiancée, Sue Gertrude Madison, were being held captive by the villainous Don Pedro De Scarillo, ten-inch mustachios and all, who proclaimed, "Me love Piquita, too; me shoot handsome American Clyde Wilson Harrison!" To save her handsome American hero, Piquita thereupon threw herself in front of Clyde Wilson Harrison and received the mortal bullet. Whereupon a quartet of extras named Juanita, Sancho, Francesco and Pasquale in the costumes of Comanche Indians piously crossed themselves; Sue Gertrude Madison deposited a bloom on the heaving stomach of the prostrate Piquita;

dawn (represented by such a scarlet conflagration as hadn't been seen on a stage since *The Still Alarm*) sprang up like a jack-in-the-box on the backdrop; and handsome American Clyde Wilson Harrison removed his ten-gallon sombrero, tenderly deposited it in turn upon Piquita's still heaving stomach, and — rising to embrace Sue Gertrude Madison — lifted his face to the flies and intoned climactically, "Love's call has been answered! Love conquers life and death! Clyde Wilson Harrison speaks to God!"

But, in Al Jolson's phrase, wait a minute; you ain't heard nothin' yet. In the general period in question came along another terrible turk, *The House Of Doom*, by one whose name mercifully escapes me. This *The House Of Doom* vies with *Love's Call* for all-time top honors, although something named *Flesh*, news of which anon, is a gobbler you should keep firmly in mind. The curtain went up on an eerily lighted chamber decorated with skulls, daggers, scalping knives, shotguns, poisoned arrows, bottles marked *Poison*, a small guillotine, and what looked like an electric chair. "This room has a peculiar atmosphere," observed an elderly gentleman as he entered. "I think, however, I shall repose here for a spell and rest." No sooner had he

reposed than from up behind the big electric chair oozed a ferocious, bewhiskered face with a green spotlight playing upon it. "Gurrrr," gurrrrd the face, which was the property of the man to whom, it seemed, the reposeful gentleman had once handed the dirty end of the stick.

That the owner of the face was bent on revenge began slowly to dawn upon the more sapient members of the audience. Every time the elderly gentleman, his wife, daughter or anyone else connected with his family reposed, upon from behind whatever they were reposing on sprang the bewhiskered, toothless, green, grinning phiz, and with louder and louder gurrrrs. A succession of murders naturally followed, all accompanied by the hoots of owls and the mysterious openings and closings of secret panels and trapdoors which the playwright and director had somehow seemingly forgotten in any way to relate to the foul work in hand. It was grand! But not so grand as the big climactic scene which, at least on the opening night, showed the hero's anaesthetized daughter being rolled by the villain on a table toward a fiery furnace and at the critical moment not only being saved by her fiancé but being saved so ferociously that she

fell off the table on her behind and let out the loudest shriek of the shriekful evening.

Flesh, which was practically hooted off the stage by ten o'clock, was a serious sex drama. Its heroine was an amplitudinous actress with breasts the size of conga drums who, clad in a series of gauzy gowns, languished passionately on chairs, sofas, beds and the floor in her determination to drive the male characters crazy with lust. I forget exactly what it was that made her so determined but I seem to remember it had something to do with getting even with the sex for having once done her wrong. Anyway, one by one she drove the boys to distraction, the distraction being interpreted by hoarse breathings, trembling grasps at the whiskey decanter, lush suckings of the heroine's ear, agonized gulps, vigorous scalp massagings and divers other reactions more generally associated with a morning-after stomach than a night-before heart.

There was apparently no resisting the siren. Let her so much as cross her legs and reveal an inch of ankle and one or another of the males fell on his face in a paroxysm of desire. Let her so much as elegantly extend her hand for labial homage and one or another instantly confused it with a lamb

chop and started voraciously to eat it up. And let her wriggle a mere miniature hinterwriggle and all hell broke loose. What finally broke up the show on the first night was the prehensile damsel's remark (not knowing that her dress had split in the rear), "I wonder what it is that keeps men following me? Can it be — can . . ." and, as she hesitated, the contribution from a member of the audience: "You said it, babe!"

II

While this trio of turkeys probably stands pre-eminent in our modern theatre, there are a few others that historically are not to be too airily waved aside. For example, *The Love City*, hatched by a Mr. Hans Bachwitz and unloaded on the gourmets some seventeen years ago. Laid in what is unarchitecturally generally described as a "house," this particular one situated on "The Hill of Delight in China," it edified its two dozen or so customers with the tale of little Tze-shi, acted by a tall blonde from Louisville, Kentucky. This little five-foot-eleven Tze-shi was sic'd by Chang Lo, the male madam of the house, on an English customer named Richard Cavendish whom Chang had foresightedly put under

the influence of drugs. But Chang (not very clever, these Chinese) had given Richard an overdose which put him to sleep, thus ruining business.

Since you have to have such business in such a play or lose it at the box office and since the play with Richard asleep stopped right then and there, Mr. Bachwitz had to do something. So in desperation he caused Richard to dream a dream, acted out on the stage, in which Richard saw little five-foot-eleven Tze-shi as his own wife and Chang as her lover, thus working in the necessary business. But wait for the climax! Richard, suddenly awaking from his Al Woods dream, pulled out a pistol and Chang, hanging around to eavesdrop the dream, followed suit for no reason anyone save maybe Mr. Bachwitz could figure out. "You have deceived me!" cried Richard and "You have violated the sacred code!" cried Chang, both also for no reason that made any sense. Bang, bang, and both Richard and Chang bit the dust, the while Tze-shi, who during the excitement had rushed upstairs and changed into another and more elaborate evening kimono, peered derisively over the balustrade and hummed something that sounded very much like "A Bicycle Built For Two."

Right down the same cultural alley was a dish of collateral cranberry sauce called *Spellbound*, by Walter Elwood, produced about a year later. Lasting for just three performances and played by some of the damndest actors seen on the local stage since the fire department eliminated nets, it had to do with a mother who had read that if you drop a certain kind of pill in a man's breakfast coffee you can not only cure him of his taste for alcoholic liquor but, even if he has never had a drink of it, prevent any possible future taste for it. Having two young sons, both strict teetotalers, she nevertheless and accordingly put the pills in their morning beverage and sat back and waited. She didn't have to wait long. One of the sons presently let out a yell, grabbed at the air, and tumbled to the floor. When they picked him up, it was found that the pill had paralyzed him below the waist. No sooner was the lad deposited on a divan than the second son let out an even more terrific yell, grabbed at the air, and started mumbling like an idiot. When they in turn got around to investigating him, it was found that the pill had rendered him dumb.

Naturally, the mother was rather upset, the ribald laughter of the

audience not helping materially to quiet her nerves. Not knowing how otherwise to make amends, she announced to the two boys — the one tottering pitifully around the stage like Leon Errol in a bent-knee comedy scene and the other making inarticulate sounds like Nat Goodwin — that she was going to leave the country, go to some far-off cannibal island and, as a missionary, devote herself by way of consolation to saving the cannibals' souls. Years passed. And after almost two decades she returned, partly insane, and the boys at length learned that it was their own dear mother who was responsible for their wrecked lives.

But again wait! If you think that ended the turkey you don't know a real turk when you see one. No sooner was the confession out of mama's lips than the first son let out a yell of slightly different timbre, grabbed joyously at the air, proudly assumed a ramrod position, and proclaimed, "Look, look, I am well again; I am cured!" And no sooner had the first son spoken than the second let out a yell of similar nuance, joyously grabbed at the air, proclaimed, "Look, look, me too; I am cured!", and launched further into quondam muted speech, unfortunately. And with the boys' arms enfolding their

repentant mama the curtain fell on the happiest ending beheld on an American stage since, in an earlier turkey (the brainchild of one Helen Broun, called *Clouds*) a devoted mother suddenly restored her blind son's sight by shocking him with the lies that she had gone crazy, that his fiancée had secretly married his rival and that his pet dog had been run over by a street-car, thus bringing down the curtain on the rapturous spectacle of his triplicate embrace of mother, best girl and Bruno.

III

Coming to more recent seasons (and by no means overlooking such birds as *Roman Servant*, *Arms For Venus*, *Popsy* and *Boudoir*), the vote for the choicest turkey goes enthusiastically to *Reprise*, by W. D. Bristol, produced at 8:40 P.M. of May 1, 1935, and withdrawn at 10:55 on the same night.

Presented as a serious problem drama, the honey opened with a

young man about to throw himself out of the fifteenth story window of an apartment house, but who was restrained by a friend who screamed, "Halt! Desist! Life is worth living! I shall prove it to you by making you so happy in one short month's time that you shall be regretful that you ever cogitated such a sin!" The man thereupon crawled down from the window ledge and his happiness, sure enough, began instant in his falling in love with his rescuer's rich sister. So happy indeed was he that, needing funds to make his fiancée still happier, he swindled his benefactor, which made the latter's old grandmother so unhappy that she began making him doubt his own happiness and succeeded in goading him to climb up on the window ledge again and this time really jump off. As I recall the final curtain, Grandma was taking a hard look out of the window, shaking her head and muttering, somewhat egotistically: "God's will be done."



HE that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skills.

—EDMUND BURKE

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Mink

THE inhabitants of a metropolis, as has been often pointed out, tend to lose touch with fundamental simplicities and realities. They tend to become disoriented, restless, and susceptible to many a curious delusion and perversion; for there is no earth under their feet, and little visible sky above

them, and indeed hardly a reminder of the roll of the seasons; and for animals (which all of us still are, and will ever be), these deprivations are subtly unsteady. A metropolis is ever in the danger, to use Lewis Mumford's word, of becoming a megalopolis.

In the glittering and vertical



Mink

Frank Utpatel

civilization of a great city, it is easy to fall into the way of thinking of water as simply something that comes out of a faucet, shoes as simply a commodity sold in a shoe-store, clothing as something which appears — as though by magic — in the display window of a department store. Who knows the source of the water, in the distant lake among the hills, and gives a thought to the rains that supply it and the vegetations that conserve it? Who retains awareness that shoes are the hides of slaughtered animals, and that we still wrap our feet in the skins of dead beasts? The handbag under an urban lady's arm does not often remind the owner that its covering was lately the covering for the cold flesh of an alligator, or was the hide of a writhing snake with flickering mucid tongue and recurved fangs. So processed and disguised are all things, and so wide the distance, physical and spiritual, from a forest to Times Square, that a mink coat is only the female proclamation of a particular kind of urban successfulness. There is no recollecting that the silken label in the garment was squeezed from the gut of a caterpillar. Thought is not often given, it seems likely, to the fact that the minks, whose flayed pelts now compose this costly and triumphant wrapping, were only a

little while ago living animals, pursuing — until the steel trap-jaws held them prisoner, screaming and struggling — a life of their own, in some quiet woodland place.

The cycle of life, for the wild minks whose ultimate destiny is to surrender their life and fur to provide an urban symbol of conspicuous wealth, has its beginning in the very early spring, generally in February or March, when the first thaws are softening the ice of country creeks. It is in that season that male and female mink come together for their breeding. During most of their lives, minks are solitary, exceptions seldom occurring save in mating-time and when the mother has her brood of young still with her. In the early spring, when the snow is soft and the urge to mate is stirring in mink-blood, a countryman may find mazy patternings of minks' tracks in dozens of places along brooksides where he had never seen a mink-track before.

The season of mating, for minks, is marked by a great excitement. Restless, forgetting their caution, the minks go prowling and pattering through the snow, seeking satisfaction of their urgent need. A country watcher may catch a glimpse of them. He will see an animal that looks like a larger and heavier variant of a weasel . . . a

variant nearly as big as a house-cat. Short-legged, almost two feet long, with a bushy seven-inch tail, a male mink has something of the look and manner of a cross between a weasel and an otter. He moves through the snow by leaps, hunching his sinuous body, elongating it in a powerful forward spring, holding his broadly triangular head close to the ground, snuffing perpetually and audibly for the scents which are his guide in tracking. His close soft fur, nearly hidden under a glistening outer coat of longer guard-hairs, is an all-over brown except for a patch of white beneath his chin and possibly an irregular spattering of small white flecks on his belly. He weighs about two pounds. Should a female be with him, she will be seen to be smaller but otherwise much like him. To see a pair of minks loping together in the hazy moonlight of thaw-time is to be struck by their look of wildness, alertness, and of something fierce and forest-born. It is a true impression.

In the books of the mammalogists, minks are classified as semi-aquatic. That is to say, they do not have the aquatic specialization of otters, but they derive their prey from the water and from the edges of the water. Their haunt is secluded stream-banks; and it is there

that a female mink customarily has the den in which her babies will be born. She is not naturally a digger. She may enlarge an already existent bankside hole, but the hole has likely been dug by a muskrat. Should the muskrat be still tenantrying it, the mother mink is undeterred. Silently, softly, she slips in, her hairy-padded feet giving no warning. Then there is a lunging spring, a brief snarling and screaming, and the muskrat's throat has been torn out. A mink does not kill without good reason: for food or for some other necessity of its maintenance. But a mink kills surely, suddenly, and with wild fury.

II

Some forty-odd days after the minks' breeding, a litter of five or six babies is born in the bankside burrow, in the nest-chamber which the mother mink has warmly lined with grasses and leaves against the coming of the event. They lie naked, blind, pale pink, and helpless. The mother is with them almost constantly, giving suck, for about five weeks. From their male begetter, they have no ministrations. He has long since retired to a burrow of his own — (perhaps to several of them, for minks are apt

to have more than a single den) — and has resumed his solitary hunting and fishing. A mink, as said earlier, goes mostly alone.

When, at five weeks, the eyes of the baby minks open, the infants have become covered with the close dense fur of their kind, and they are already unmistakably minks. They make abrupt transition from a diet of mother-milk to a diet of flesh, and they become, overnight as it seems, transformed from infants into lean-nosed, lithe-bodied wild animals, peering out from the burrow entrance warily, smelling the smell of the brook, the smell of fish and frogs, and licking their narrow chops. They watch their mother go hunting for them; and presently they are trailing her, and learning the natural lesson of imitation.

On the land, a mink may hunt many creatures. It is easy to stalk a frog: a slow, sinuous pad-padding through the concealing grass, a quick pounce, and a slashing of the cold-fleshed throat of this drowsing stupid one. The meadow mice can be run down, along their grassy tunnels, and despatched. Sometimes rats may be tackled, and sometimes rabbits. A mink can run, on its short legs, not much more than eight or nine miles an hour; but it can flatten its body and hide

cunningly, and it can approach a hare silently and serpentine, and its agile spring is terrible and beautiful. There is plenty of food to be had on land, often easy food, like the birds' eggs and fledglings in low bushes. A mink will rear on its hind legs, and stand straight up to its full height, peering and prying and snuffing the air, to locate these. But mostly, as the baby minks watch their mother, they see her hunt in the water.

Utterly motionless, but tense as a coiled spring, she crouches on a stone in mid-stream, or on a jutting log over the water, and watches. She peers down in a fury of concentration into the rushing current. Minutes pass, and more minutes, and then — *splash!* — she dives and vanishes. She has seen a fish. In smooth relentless pursuit, she glides under the water as though she were a part of it. Tireless, endowed to stay under water for many minutes, she darts and twists and lunges sleekly. It does not matter if the fish be even so swift a darter as a trout. The mink can tire a trout, or out-maneuver it, or force it to take refuge under the bank and then corner it there and seize it. In a greater or lesser time, the mink comes clambering back onto her stone or log again, her drenched fur dark and as smooth as oil, and

she holds a wriggling fish in her sharp teeth. She bites it quickly, once, back of its head, and kills it.

The young minks accompany their mother, perfecting their own lores and techniques, until latter summer. Then they separate from her, and each goes its way. Occasionally, very rarely, a pair of minks may stay together, hunting and fishing as a team. When the young females shall have reached the age of a year, they will be ready to bear litters of their own. The males will mature about a half year later.

Among minks, no more than among other wild animals, is life given over wholly to the hunt for prey and the rearing of a family. There are other incidents and ingredients. There are such ferocities as the spring-time fighting of the males, when two dark-furred forms spring at each other with open mouths from a foot or two apart, each seizing a corner of the other's jaw, and the first to loose its hold dying quickly in a gushing drench of blood. There are such tranquillities as the long hours of quiet meandering along the streamside, pawing for crayfish, snuffing the scent of the mud, and enjoying the obscure earth-beatitude which all wild things enjoy. There is a degree of play, of simple exuberating

under the sun or the stars. A mink is not all fury and predation. It kills as it must; and kills with a cleanly quickness. But also, alone in the moonlight, it may caper.

Mink-life, to a mink, is a good and glad thing. Its wild freedom, its stealth and strength, its lusting and exulting, are not lightly to be surrendered. And so, when the hidden trap-jaws clang together on the leg of a mink, what happens is in the nature of a fearful thing. The mink, if it can, will gnaw off its leg in order to go free. If it cannot free itself, there wells up in it such a fury, such a surging compound of rage and hate and terror and malignance and despair, that many a trapper could wish that he had never watched it. A trapped mink snarls, screams, screeches, froths and spits. It looses from its musky glands a stench that is subtler but more sickening than the odor of a skunk, and it fouls the trap and all the surrounding earth with as thorough a pollution as it can. Until the minute of death, a trapped mink does not cease to fight. Until the minute of death a trapped mink battles to withhold, from an unknown woman in a far metropolis, the pelt which she will scarcely realize came from an animal, and the life which she will scarcely know was ever lived.

THE LIBRARY

Historian and History Maker

BY JOHN LAND

I SUPPOSE it is not too sweeping a statement to say that many thinking men feel we are on the verge of a new Dark Ages, if not already in it. There is a lot of cold certainty in the air that republicanism has been outlived even before socialism has congealed man's spirit into authoritarian relationships. This chilling presentiment gives a curious unreality to everything honest that is written about any aspect of the basic problems of the time — the social revolution of which the war is a current, and the peace a coming, calamity. Some minds creep into the caves of history and warm themselves as best they can by stirring the embers of the great past. Others stare hard at the current world, saying in effect: "Yes, it's quite as bad as it looks. But there is a way out. All we have to do is the exact opposite of all we have been doing."

Prof. Charles Austin Beard represents the first of these attitudes, Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi the second. Their two new

books, Beard's *The Republic*¹ and Coudenhove-Kalergi's *Crusade for Pan-Europe*,² are easily the most important historical volumes published in the last few months. Prof. Beard blows hotly on his historical fingers and pokes the fires of interest in the Constitution of the United States, its history and operation. Coudenhove-Kalergi flutes his oaten pipe toward the green pastures of European peace and unity hitherto desired by practically everybody but the Europeans.

"If the modern Europeans," says Prof. Beard, "had devoted to the study of *The Federalist* half the attention they give to Plato's *Republic*, they would have been better off in every way." In the gray light of 1943, *The Republic* carries on the task bequeathed by Hamilton, Madison and John Jay in their great argument for constitutional government and a republic. It is a seminar in book form. It consists of

¹ \$3.00. Viking.

² \$3.50. Putnam.

a series of pseudo-Socratic dialogues (one of the implications of Beard's title) between the author and Dr. Smyth and his wife, two mythical neighbors who apply to Beard for enlightenment. The Smyths are pretty fuddled, and ask Beard to "let us drop in one evening a week for a kind of elementary course on current issues in government and democracy. We don't mean formal lectures."

The lectures are not formal. Neither are they elementary. They begin with "We, the People," and they end with "The Fate and Fortunes of Our Republic." In between the seminarists discuss problems like "Democracy and Rights under the Constitution," "Power and the Control of Power," "Political Parties as Agencies and Motors," "The Republic in the World of Nations." Each of the twenty-one chapters gives Prof. Beard a chance to have his say about some aspect of the Constitution as it is affected by current economic and political problems. As he is the outstanding scholar in the field (he prefers to be called a "student"), what he has to say is worth listening to. It is also inclusive. For Beard's shrewd choice of the Socratic method lets him get all over his field without getting out of bounds. Dr. Beard's interlocutors do not

docilely accept his views. Dr. Smyth, a rather typical Beardian, is often truculent. But the Professor does not stand for much back talk from his stooges. He sets them up and he slaps them down. Most of *The Republic* is kept moving by this informal air of vigorous intellectual give and take.

"Oh! You are beginning with that," Dr. Smyth breaks in when Dr. Beard starts out with "We, the People." "That is nothing but rhetoric from the Preamble of the Constitution . . . It means nothing in my young life. It's for politicians, and statesmen, if we have any . . ."

Prof. Beard explains that in the eighteenth century, the words, We, the People, "were revolutionary as any modern phrase which makes timid citizens look under their beds at night for bogies." He adds that they were written by the Committee on Style which included Alexander Hamilton, William S. Johnson, Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris and James Madison.

"Wait a minute," the incautious Dr. Smyth breaks in again, "I know something about those men. Nobody can say that Hamilton had anything but contempt for the people. He is the fellow who said, 'Your people are a great beast.'"

Prof. Beard agrees, but he points out in due time that when a scheme was set afoot to make Washington a dictator, Hamilton called it "a mad project" and helped scotch it. And when the Federalists, alarmed by the fellow-travelling of Jeffersonian Democrats with the French revolutionists, passed the Sedition Act, Hamilton opposed it. "Let us not establish a tyranny," he said. "Energy is a very different thing from violence." "To Hamilton," adds Beard, "justice meant more than Federalist party justice."

Dr. Smyth gets into trouble, too, when he calls Washington an aristocrat, and by doing so he brings out one of the important things about *The Republic* — the distance that Prof. Beard has travelled since his *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*. Beard retorts:

You say that Washington was an aristocrat. The word is vague, but, however interpreted, what has the charge to do with constitutional government? Many of the features of . . . constitutional government were brought into being by persons you would call aristocrats. Magna Charta was forced on King John by members of the English aristocracy . . . Parliamentary government, freedom of press and speech, a high degree of religious toleration, the writ of habeas corpus — many leading doctrines incorporated in the American Constitution and Bill of Rights — were developed in England by members of

the upper classes and forced on Crown and Church. There was nothing democratic about those rights in their origins . . . consider [Washington's] performances entirely apart from his so-called aristocratic sympathies. He did not sell out a nation in the bud. Twice Congress granted him dictatorial powers during the war. Twice he returned those powers unsullied . . . His firm resistance to every proposal for the seizure of power showed his unflinching devotion to constitutional methods, even in a revolutionary war. And when victory in arms came, Washington went before the Congress sitting at Annapolis, surrendered to it the great powers that had been entrusted to him, and returned to his plantation as a private citizen once more . . . If there is a more striking or important event than this in all the toilsome struggle of humanity for civil government, for self-government, I do not know where to find it.

In 1913, Beard published his *Economic Interpretation*. In it he attempted to prove, by a break-down of the membership of the Constitutional Convention into economic groups, that the Founding Fathers represented not the American people, but "money, public securities, manufactures and trade and shipping." "The Constitution," wrote Beard, "was essentially an economic document based upon the concept that the fundamental private rights of private property are anterior to government and morally beyond the reach of popular majorities." There is scarcely a New Dealer who did not cut his

eye teeth on that sentence. Though its naïve economic determinism might have made Marx shudder, there is scarcely a leftist who did not find *An Economic Interpretation* congenial reading. Conservatives damned it, and with reason: it is possible that no single American book has had such influence in conditioning a whole generation to the belief that only selfish and materialist motives guided the Founding Fathers, or ever guide any statesman. It did not so much lay an axe to a view of history as it laid an axe to a view of morality.

The Republic measures the degree to which Beard's purpose in the *Interpretation* has been misinterpreted. It insists that even the most conservative of the Founding Fathers did not habitually act from selfish or materialist motives, and that in acting constitutionally they acted in the interests of all classes. This in itself makes *The Republic* an event.

In his last chapter with the rather portentous title — "The Fate and Fortunes of Our Republic" — Beard asks the questions which underlie his whole book: Will there always be an America? What will Americans make of America? For unless America is destroyed from within, it will not be destroyed from without. And he affirms his

belief that there always *will* be an America: "I believe that, but I do not know any way by which anybody can *demonstrate* the proposition." Prof. Beard knows his Oswald Spengler, and nothing he says rings quite so true as the quotation from Spengler's *Man and Technics*, which he reads aloud to the Smyths:

We are born into this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue, like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door at Pompeii, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, died at his post because they forgot to relieve him. That is greatness. That is what it means to be a thoroughbred. The honorable end is the one thing that can *not* be taken from a man.

II

One day in 1923, while Eastern Europe writhed with wars and revolution threatened Germany where the bottom had dropped out of the mark and the French had entered the Rhineland, several thousand European statesmen, educators, editors, industrialists, bankers and leaders of opinion received an unlooked-for gift. It was a free copy of a book called *Pan-Europe*. With every copy came a membership postcard with a pledge: "I join the Pan-European Union." Joiners

were assured that there were no financial obligations. The purpose behind the pledge was explained by the book:

This book intends to bring to life a great political idea which has long been dormant in the nations of Europe. Many dream of a united Europe but few are resolved to create it. As an object of nostalgia it remains barren; as an object of will it becomes effective. The only force that can achieve Pan-Europe is the will of Europeans. Every European holds in his hand a share of the destiny of the world.

The author of this appeal and originator of Pan-Europe was Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi. The Count is practically a Pan-European organization himself. His father was an Austrian and his mother a Japanese. The Coudenhoves were a wealthy Flemish family that fled to Austria during the French Revolution. The Kalergis were a wealthy Cretan family. The line has been further crossed with Poles, Norwegians, Balts, French and Germans, but since the families were selective as well as cosmopolite, the hybridization has been consistently successful.

Count Coudenhove's father was an enlightened conservative who fought pre-Hitler anti-Semitism and the idea of Aryan superiority. A diplomat, he married a Japanese with the full knowledge that the marriage would end his career. Af-

ter that he devoted himself to managing his estates and supervising his children's education. At his Austrian castle of Ronsperg, the old count toughened his two sons by taking them on long walks in all weathers, insisting that they sleep on straw mattresses, take cold showers, learn to be such crack shots and fencers that no one would ever dare challenge them. He personally taught them Russian and Hungarian. He also took them to mass every Sunday.

The Good Friday service was the occasion for an unfailing ceremony on the part of the elder Count Coudenhove. After everybody had bowed his head in prayer for all heathens and heretics the priest would say: "Let us also pray for the perfidious Jews." This time, nobody was supposed to bow his head. At that point, on every Good Friday, Count Coudenhove got up and walked out of the church in protest against this perpetuation of religious anti-Semitism.

The young Coudenhoves always had one French and one English governess (who was always a Protestant) and an Austrian tutor. The countess had a Hungarian companion. The count had a Bavarian secretary and a Czech manager of his estates. An Armenian waited on the table. Among the exotic guests

who came and went were various Hindus, Turks and local rabbis who taught the old count Asiatic tongues, including Hebrew. It was from one of these house guests that Count Richard Coudenhove first heard of Pan-Islam, the germ of his Pan-European idea.

The first part of the autobiographical *Crusade for Pan-Europe* describes Count Coudenhove's youth in Austria, the rest of the book is devoted to his efforts to put over Pan-Europe. The first head of a European government to support Pan-Europe was Dr. Ignaz Seipel, priest, head of Austria's Catholic party, and, in 1923, "undisputed leader of Austria." "When I asked him to back Pan-Europe publicly, he promised to do so. I offered him the presidency of the Austrian branch of the Pan-European Union, and he accepted without hesitation." Dr. Seipel gave Count Coudenhove an office in the old imperial palace in Vienna, which remained the headquarters for Pan-Europe until Hitler invaded Austria.

Next Count Coudenhove called on President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia who was friendly, but sent him on to Prime Minister Beneš. Beneš was "certainly in agreement with Pan-Europe but did not consider it an object of immediate

practical policy. He favored it as a beautiful idea which would and should one day be realized."

Others were more sympathetic. At one time Pan-Europe enlisted the support of Europeans as diverse as Count Carlo Sforza and Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht. Count Coudenhove had a talk with Benito Mussolini but nothing came of it. But the intellectuals supported the movement. Pan-Europe held a regular congress, adopted a European flag, and caused dissensions in the Communist International which had some Pan-European ideas of its own. The high point was reached in 1929, when Aristide Briand proposed a European Union in a great speech at the League of Nations. Gustav Stresemann and Beneš also spoke for union. In the 'twenties Pan-Europe seemed to be going places — but the Nazis got there first.

For a while Count Coudenhove was busy keeping a jump ahead of the German armies. First he fled from occupied Austria to Czechoslovakia, then from Czechoslovakia to France, from France to Switzerland, from Switzerland to Portugal. Now he is in the United States, conducting a seminar at New York University on a postwar European federation. The book in which he describes his life is absorbing as

autobiography, direct and clear as a presentation of his Pan-European ideas. At present, these ideas include: A federation of the world (which the count does not believe feasible at present); a federation of Europe as soon as the war is over. His Pan-Europe will be united on a Bill of Rights and governed by a House of Representatives elected on a population basis, and a Senate consisting of the prime ministers and foreign ministers of the component countries. The two houses of parliament would elect an executive of seven members, each in charge of a special ministry.

For Count Coudenhove feels that the time is again ripe for a resurgence of Pan-Europeanism. He shares the common curious view that Europe, is somehow at last ready for the peace and unity it has never been able to achieve. He may be right, though not necessarily in the way he thinks.



(Continued from page 4)

Division of the State of Washington, and in this way as well as through his own logging experience he has come to know forest fires from first-hand. In this book, the first to discuss American forest fires in detail, he tells a vivid story of appalling destruction and

waste. There is a foreword by Colonel William B. Greeley, former chief of the United States Forest Service.

MEET MR. BLANK, by Countess Waldeck. \$2.50. *Putnam*. A bright, intimate, anecdotal examination of the men and the forces which may — or may not — come to the top in Germany when the Nazi edifice collapses. Candidates for the rôle of "Mr. Blank" include men as various as Goering and Niemoeller, Schacht and the communists, Otto Strasser and Bruening. The author, who will be remembered for her *Athene Palace*, does not play favorites among these men, applying her acid tongue to them all, and incidentally indicating the extent, variety and difficulty of the problems that will face peace-makers in post-Hitler Germany. A most readable book, more interesting for its sidelights than for its main theses.

LONG, LONG AGO, by Alexander Woollcott. \$2.75. *Viking*. A collection of stories, sketches and anecdotes by the late Town Crier. They cover the entire range of human interest, from Franz Schubert to Harpo Marx, and from Emily Brontë to the Hall-Mills case. In one form or another they have all appeared in print before, yet it's remarkable what pleasant reading a large number of them still make.

HERE IS YOUR WAR, by Ernie Pyle. \$3.00. *Henry Holt*. The highly popular Scripps-Howard correspondent has here collected and elaborated his dispatches from the North African front. They are "folksy," simply written, wholly unpretentious, happily devoid of "historical perspective" and add up to one of the best war books thus far published in this country.

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF, by Ralph Ingersoll. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. The bulk of this book is concerned with the march to and surprise attack upon El Guettar, in North Africa, in which Captain Ingersoll, former editor of *PM*, participated. He de-

scribes the action with considerable skill, and probes deeply into the minds and hearts of the common soldier. Captain Ingersoll also has a good deal to say about the transformation military life has made in his own outlook on the world. Altogether, an absorbing book.

JOURNEY INTO AMERICA, by Donald Culross Peattie. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A series of semi-fictional sketches of outstanding characters and incidents in the history of the United States. They are full of felicitous phrases, but on the whole they make tiresome reading. Mr. Peattie's philosophical insight, at least in this volume, is as superficial as his poetical powers are slender.

A SURGEON'S WORLD, by Max Thorek. \$3.75. *Lippincott*. The extremely readable autobiography of an eminent American surgeon, born in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Dr. Thorek fills his book with fascinating cases from his extensive practice, and his comments upon them, as upon various other subjects, reveal a man of wide interests, gentle manners, and profound pity. The book would have benefitted by extensive cutting.

THE MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY, *Military Thought from Machiavelli to Hitler*, edited by E. M. Earle. \$3.75. *Princeton University Press*. No one who wants to understand modern history can afford to neglect these studies of military and political theory made by twenty collaborators under the editorship of Prof. E. M. Earle. The book's 553 pages document for laymen Clausewitz's famous saying that war is politics continued by other means.

JAN SMUTS, by F. S. Crafford. \$3.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A penetrating, informative biography of the statesman who began his career as a Boer commando raider against the British, and has since become one of the pillars of the Empire. Mr. Crafford has spent the greater part of his life in South Africa, and knows its political leaders and parties intimately.

TWENTY BEST FILM PLAYS, edited by John Gassner and Dudley Nichols. \$3.50. *Crown*. Over a thousand pages of text including such well known screen hits as *Mrs. Miniver*, *It Happened One Night*, *Little Caesar*, etc. Very ably edited, it is a must book for all those interested in the movies as a graphic art.

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN EGO, by Jacques Barzun. \$2.75. *Little, Brown*. A restrained, intelligent attempt by the author of *Darwin, Marx and Wagner* to define the much abused word Romanticism. Mr. Barzun is aroused by the current notion that there is a subtle emotional kinship between eighteenth-century Romanticism, with its intellectual fogs and blind love for the masses, and the various forms of fascism. He protests that Romanticism, with its twofold vision of man's ability to achieve and suffer, is enormously more realistic than Classicism's unreal vision of permanent order, values and security.

THE DUKE, *A Life of Wellington*, by Richard Aldington. \$3.75. *Viking*. The great Tory soldier and statesman is described as a genius of common sense. His horse sense enabled Wellington to end the World War of his own day by defeating Napoleon at Waterloo. The same horse sense applied to British politics (the Duke could never get it through his head why revolution is bad abroad and all right at home) won him vast unpopularity. Liberals gave him a bad press that has dogged him to this day.

FICTION

SEE WHAT I MEAN?, by Lewis Browne. \$2.50. *Random House*. In a very broad sense this is a fictionalized reworking of John Roy Carlson's *Under Cover*. It is told in the first person by a convicted leader of an American fascist "Crusade." It begins with a bang, but before one has reached page twenty-five the tale becomes tiresome, for the reason that the author apparently is fictionizing largely out of

(Continued on page 127)

THE OPEN FORUM

ANGLO-AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

Last month we published some comments on Winston Churchill's recent suggestion for the establishment of a common citizenship for English-speaking peoples. Others follow:

SIR: My offhand judgment is that a common citizenship for all English-speaking peoples, while it is undoubtedly a good thing to shoot at, would be unworkable in the immediate future. The freedom-loving principles and the principal aims of the English-speaking peoples are much the same, and the closest possible understanding and cooperation are absolutely essential if we are to have a lasting peace. On the other hand, our internal problems, our habits in government, and our points of view are often different — some times very much so.

I am convinced that common citizenship and eventual union ought to come and in the end will come. But a premature attempt now might postpone rather than hasten it. A considerable, perhaps a very considerable, period of discussion and popular education is, I believe, absolutely necessary before either we or the other English-speaking nations could bring ourselves to accept and live with the concessions and adjustments which common citizenship would entail.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

Milford,
Pennsylvania.

SIR: The idea of a common citizenship for English-speaking peoples is particularly provocative to me, for, as a naturalized citizen of the United States, the task of earning my citizenship for which I applied very shortly after I entered this country, brought home to me with full force the meaning of the word. Certainly anyone living in these troubled

times, who has seen the beneficial effects of war-time cooperation between the two great English-speaking nations — the United States and Great Britain — so dramatically displayed cannot help but be attracted by an idea which implies a still stronger bond between these two great nations.

It seems a happy thought to me that these two countries, which already have a closely related culture, similar political institutions, a common legal system, a common language, and, now, today, a common cause, may some day break down any barrier which even slightly separates the people of each nation. But the actual fact of a common citizenship, if the question of its establishment were to become an immediate issue, has such profound implications that it seems to me that there would most certainly need to be grave consideration of every facet of the problem, before such a step could be taken. Complete joint citizenship rights imply a complete political union between the two nations. I should imagine that a modified version of joint citizenship for the people of Great Britain and the United States would be more expedient at the present time than a full exchange of citizenship privileges. Exchange of rights which would, for instance, permit completely free passage of citizens from one country to the other should be acceptable to current public opinion, and would tend to develop a state of mind receptive to still fuller international understanding.

ANDRE KOSTELANEZ

New York City.

SIR: I think we should base our affiliations for the future not on language but on our common objectives.

MARY K. SIMKHOVITCH

Greenwich House,
New York City.

SIR: Whatever postwar organization of an international character may be erected after the war, it will possess the inherent weaknesses of the League of Nations, if there is not some direct responsibility between the individual and the international organization. This would best be established by some form of citizenship in which the citizen owes allegiance to the World State and, as a corollary, has a voice in its organization.

Whether an attempt to bind the English-speaking people together into a common citizenship would antagonize the non-English-speaking peoples is a question. Certainly, it would represent a powerful alliance of peoples whose record on the whole has been peaceful and constructive. Nevertheless, I believe we should look forward and strive for an ultimate World State that would include *all* peoples on a basis of mutual responsibility.

I realize the tremendous difficulties that lie in the way of such an achievement, and the consequent probability of its fulfillment being far in the future. However, I would be reluctant to espouse any step which could not be considered as a step in the direction of such a fulfillment. There already exists so much community of thought and action among the English speaking peoples that perhaps a formal establishment of a common citizenship would be unnecessary and might be regarded as an arrogant assertion of superiority, which will delay rather than advance the Brotherhood of Man.

ALBERT LINDSAY ROWLAND,
President

*State Teachers College,
Shippensburg,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: There needs to be the greatest possible coordination between all of the English-speaking peoples. An opportunity is open to make English the world language provided we have something that can be understood by all classes of people in all parts of the world.

I think that we have not in any way reached the point where we can establish a common citizenship for all English-speaking peoples.

This would mean a government of world extent, which would be at once viewed with alarm by many other combinations of nations and peoples. We already have in this country too many citizens who have no sense of public duty and who do not accept their share of responsibility in the day-to-day problems of a democracy. Our experience with the absorption of the women voters in the United States would indicate how much of a problem it would be if we had to develop procedures for larger and larger numbers of participating citizens in any mechanism in which a poll is taken. When we here and in Canada have been able to develop our democracies so that we can be safe with them and need not fear the all-inclusive state, then perhaps with new methods of world communication and contact we and the British can get together in some formal manner. Certainly not now.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR,
Chancellor

*Stanford University,
California.*

SIR: While, speaking generally, the English-speaking people have the same ideologies and many common interests, I cannot see how it is feasible for one to become a citizen of several countries which have different forms of government to which their citizens are bound by different and inconsistent obligations.

SILAS H. STRAWN

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

PEGLER ON SPELVIN

SIR: I have read Swan's piece ("Who Is George Spelvin?", November issue) and enjoyed it very much. His account is accurate according to my information and I assume he got it from John Goldwyn who filled me in for a somewhat similar piece that I did several years ago. However, perhaps because of space limitations, Swan omitted something that I think is extremely interesting about Spelvin:

Goldwyn said that Abeles used to drive other fellows crazy by saying "Pete" or "Joe"

or "Harry," as the case might be, "I can't tell you how sorry I am to hear about that trouble between you and your wife and I hope you catch that dirty homewrecker and shoot him dead." Of course there would be no such trouble between the couple and the husband would fly into a rage and demand to know who was spreading the report and Abeles would say, "Why, George Spelvin told me." The husband would then go tearing around all the saloons on Broadway looking for Spelvin.

It is mere lint picking but I am almost certain that the author of "Via Wireless" was Edwin Balmer, at present editor of the *Red Book*, and not Gillette. It was founded on Jack Binn's exploit on a ship called, I believe, the *Florida* when the distress signal was QCD, not SOS.

WESTBROOK PEGLER

New York City.

DEFENSE OF JAZZ

SIR: Mr. Sargeant in his article, "Is Jazz Music?" (September issue), has definitely hit upon some truth. It was evident from the start, however, that the article could not be entirely true, since the object was to prove that jazz is *not* music. But how could this be, when the dictionary (I quote from *Webster's New International*) states that music is "Lyric poetry set and sung to music; a tone or tones having any or all of the features of rhythm, melody, or consonance. . . ." Obviously, jazz fulfills these basic requirements.

There were certain special points Mr. Sargeant made, with which I differ very much. He states that jazz "grows like a weed or a wild flower, exhibits no intellectual complexities," and that jazz is not subject to intellectual criticism because it doesn't contain "the creative ingenuity and technique of an unusual, trained musical mind." Mr. Sargeant has evidently not been exposed to some of the more intelligent jazz, nor is he aware of the amazing musical background of some of our foremost composers and arrangers, in the popular field.

Again, he says that "harmony in jazz is restricted to four or five monotonous pat-

terns," and names the blues, to substantiate this strange statement. I would be interested in knowing how he has managed to arrive at his classifications. Everyone knows that the blues is built upon a set pattern, as is, for example, the sonnet form in poetry. Yet this hasn't seemed to limit poetry to four or five monotonous patterns, nor, do I think is jazz so limited.

But it was when Mr. Sargeant remarked that jazz doesn't encompass such emotions as tragedy, romantic nostalgia, wonder, delicate shades of humor, etc., that I felt badly. Either Mr. Sargeant stuck his neck out, in making such a statement, or we composers in the popular field have in trying to write music that expressed these particular emotions.

Mr. Sargeant is definitely correct in his remarks concerning much of Hollywood's musical products, and I was amused at his use of the term "colorful awkwardness." Part of the tone-poem *Black, Brown and Beige* contains a theme called "Graceful Awkwardness."

Most of all, I was struck by Mr. Sargeant's concluding statement, that given a chance to study, the Negro will soon turn from boogie woogie to Beethoven. Maybe so, but what a shame! There is so much that is good in a musical expression in the popular field.

DUKE ELLINGTON

New York City.

AN OPTOMETRIST PROTESTS

SIR: I have just read the article, "Are Eye Glasses Necessary?" by Edward Robinson in the September issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. I am astounded that one who must have done considerable research before writing the article, should so completely ignore the largest group of men engaged in serving the American public's need for eyesight care and rehabilitation, namely, the optometrists.

It could hardly have been an oversight, then why the discrimination? There are over 2000 authenticated cases of young men barred from the Navy Air Force and other branches of the United States' forces that have been rehabilitated by optometric procedure and

successfully enrolled for service. Daily there are hundreds of school children and students who are being re-conditioned by optometric procedure; their progressive myopia retarded and in many instances eliminated; glasses are removed and vision restored to normal. Why was this not included in the article? Did the writer consult an optometrist before writing? The whole article has all the earmarks of the baneful influence of the medical monopoly.

The closing paragraph reads, "The ideal procedure would be to consult a physician who has been trained in orthoptics, or exercise therapy." There is the same or even a greater proportion of optometrists trained to do orthoptic work as there are physicians, so, the fair thing would have been to say, "Consult an oculist or optometrist who is trained in orthoptic work."

DR. E. L. YATES,
Optometrist.

R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.,
New York City.

RACE RIOTS

SIR: In "How to Prevent Race Riots," which appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for September Miss Raushenbush went out of her way to blame us for the Detroit race riots. On page 306 she says, "Perhaps a majority of the city's policemen are Southerners," etc. Very surprising thing to find a majority of Southerners on Detroit's police force. How about the police force in Harlem? Were they Southerners, too? That's funny! And Los Angeles? Did you poll that police force?

As a matter of fact, we Southerners seem to be able to live and get along with the colored people pretty well. Don't you Northerners wish you really knew how to get on with them?

R. G. MARTIN

Pensacola,
Florida.

BOUQUET FOR ALAN DEVOE

SIR: Alan Devoe's "Brookside" in the July issue is one of the finest essays in the language. I know of nothing so condensed in

its personal exposition of pantheism and mysticism—the real thing, not the phony things that go by that name. It is, indeed, a great masterpiece of prose and prose-poetry; and I am certain that Spinoza, Thoreau and Whitman are reading it to one another at the present moment in their eternity.

BENJAMIN DECASSERES

New York City.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SIR: *THE MERCURY* is a publication of superb excellence. But the new plan of putting on the cover pictures of prominent men that are only hideous caricatures is unworthy of your magazine. It is to be hoped that a practice in such bad taste will be abandoned.

WILLIAM S. HARPER

Hamden,
Connecticut.

NOT A "NATIONALIST"

THE article on "Chicago, The Munich of America," in our November issue, included the statement that "another newcomer to the 'nationalist' cause is Dr. Albert J. Haake, who shows up at the Citizens U. S. A. rantings and thereby, no doubt, embarrasses the decent people associated with him in the American Economic Foundation." The name should have been Dr. Alfred P. Haake. But aside from the error in the name, Dr. Haake disclaims any identity with the "nationalist" cause.

He states that he addressed this organization as a professional speaker who does not identify himself in any way with the purposes of any meeting merely by addressing it. Indeed, in his address to the Citizens U. S. A. Committee, he points out, "I was subjected to expressions of disfavor at the point where I made clear that the United States had to take its place in the world of which it was a part."

We are pleased to bring this information to our readers, and express our regrets for any injustice done Dr. Haake in the statement made with reference to him in our article.

THE EDITORS

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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 121)

whole cloth. Not one of the characters comes to life, the dialogue is contrived and the action is mechanical. Altogether, a piece of intellectual pulp.

SOUND OF REVELRY, by Octavus Roy Cohen. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. A dancing couple overhear the shot which kills a rich bachelor in a penthouse. The man tries to solve the mystery because he feels the police are not doing anything. His adventures lead him to several more murders but he finally is able to bag the whole murder gang and win the cordial thanks of the FBI. Slickly and entertainingly written.

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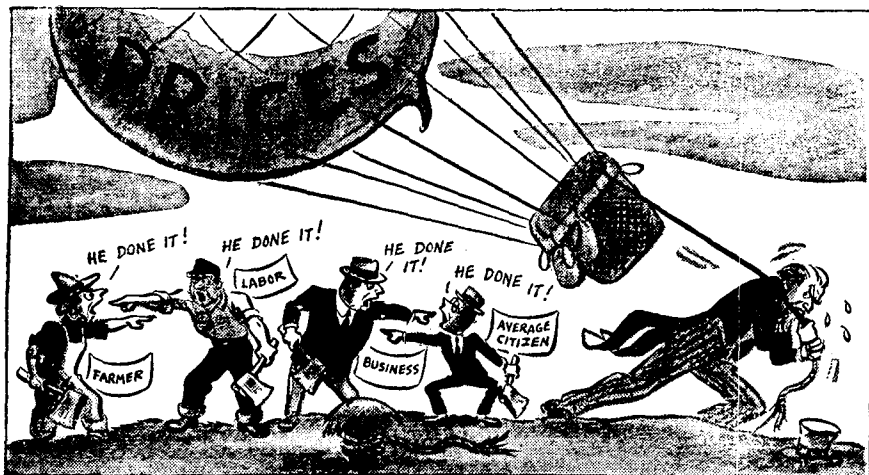
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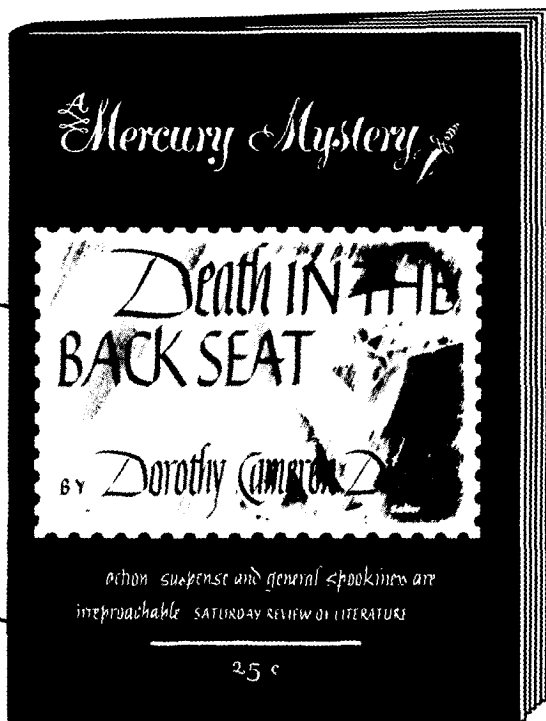
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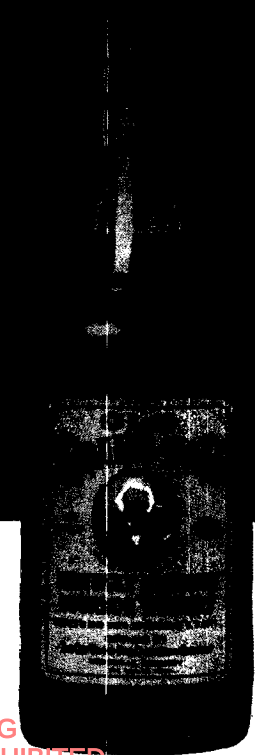
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